SATURDAY NIGHT

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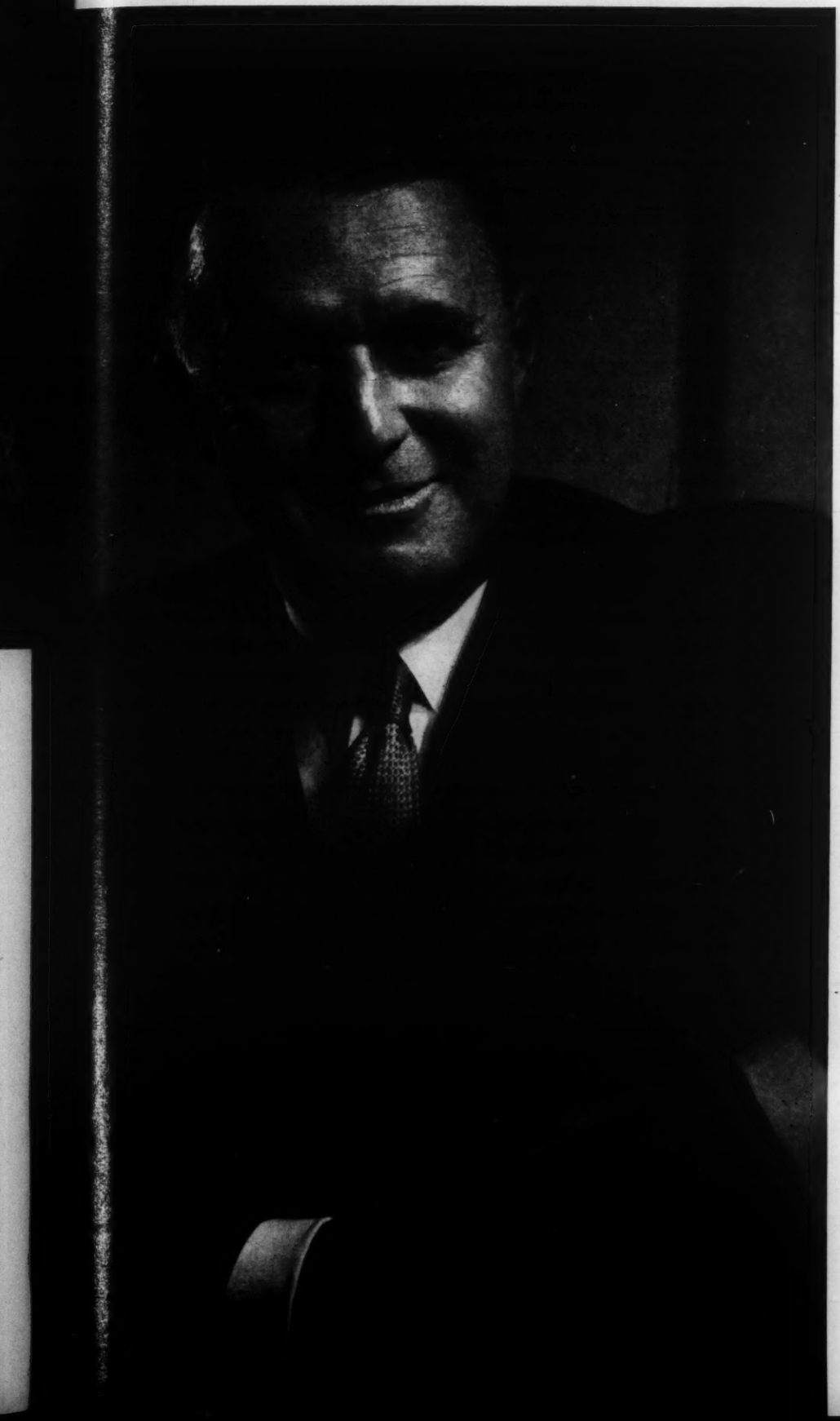

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The Happy Finance Minister

by Michael Barkway

THE RELATIONSHIP between the Canadian taxpayers and Finance Minister Douglas Abbott has been described in terms of

". . . the old Lady of Niger
Who went for a ride on a tiger.
They came back from the ride,
With the lady inside
And a smile on the face on the tiger."

The smile on the face of Doug Abbott is certainly characteristic. It is one of the taxpayers' minor irritations. People don't like to think that the tiger smiles at their fate; and Abbott makes it worse when he gives way, as he sometimes does, to the temptation to make wisecracks.

Legend apart, this particular smiling tiger is a buoyant, quick-witted and sociable man of fifty-three who might never have stood for Parliament if he had thought he had any chance of being elected. It probably costs him $30,000 or $40,000 a year to stay in office. It wasn't ambition that brought him into politics, nor is it ambition that keeps him at Ottawa. If he had more ambition, he might be a better or a worse finance minister. He'd certainly be a very different one.

THE Department of Finance has known nothing quite like him before. It is as though he had set out to prove that it is possible to be Finance Minister over a period of years without ruining a normal family life, giving up normal relaxations, or being broken down with worry and nervous strain.

The most remarkable—as well as the most obvious—thing about Doug Abbott in the role of Finance Minister is his easy air of relaxation. He always seems to have time for friends and old acquaintances. He always seems to be smiling and at ease. He can always joke about his problems. He never seems to be worrying. He is always sociable. Nothing seems to undermine his general air of well-being, of satisfaction with himself and of general approval of the world around him. The $64 Greek word for it is euphory.

If the well-being of the Finance Minister is sometimes aggravating to harassed taxpayers, it is also a noteworthy personal achievement. It is in complete contrast to the ways of his predecessor, J. L. Ilsley, who was always worried.

Abbott himself attributes it to a thoroughly sound constitution. It is true that he is naturally

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PRO HOCKEY: BEST YET
by Foster Hewitt

SHOWCASE OF AGRICULTURE
by James H. Gray

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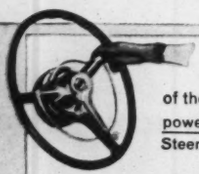

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 68 No. 6 Whole No. 3106

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Michael Barkway (Ottawa), Willson Woodside (Foreign).
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ASSISTANT EDITORS
Melwyn Breen, Margaret Ness, Hal Tracey, Michael Young
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Hazel Watson (Editorial Secretary), Marjorie Budd (Editorial Assistant)
Norman McHardy . . . Director of Advertising
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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Published and printed by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
Birks Building, Montreal, Canada
Editorial and Advertising Offices
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada
Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Collington, Vice-President and General Manager, E. R. Milling, Vice-President; D. W. Turnbull, C.A., Secretary-treasurer.
Gordon Ramsay ..... Director of Circulation
E. M. Pritchard ..... Director of Manufacturing
VANCOUVER, 815 W. Hastings St.; NEW YORK, Room 512, 101 Park Ave.; LOS ANGELES 48, 6399 Wilshire Blvd.; LONDON, England, 16 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.

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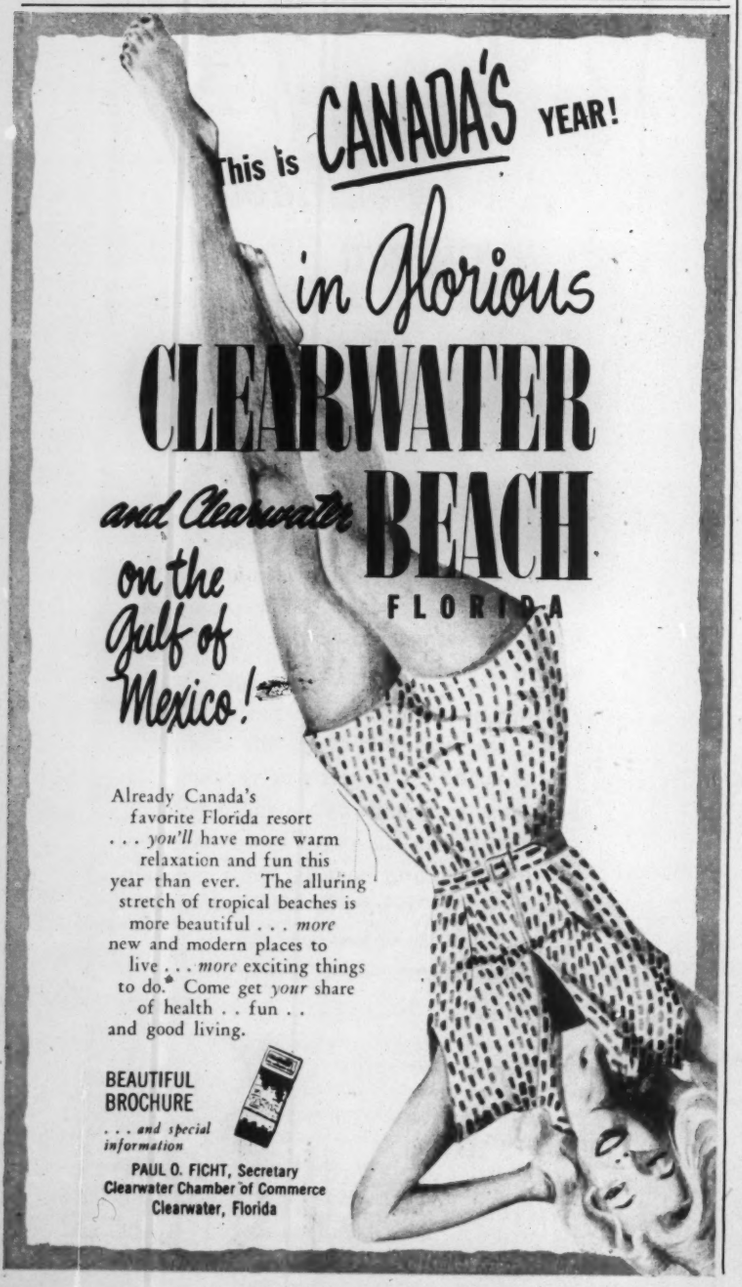
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OTTAWA VIEW

Spring Start for Seaway ?

by Michael Barkway

THE GOVERNMENT'S hope for a spring start on the St. Lawrence Seaway is now official. On the Canadian side everything will be ready to take advantage of the favorable decision of the International Joint Commission. The Board of Engineers under R. A. C. Henry, which is now established in Montreal, will spend the winter completing the detailed engineering studies. By spring the Federal Government will be able to let the first contracts.

It would be very happy if that were the whole story. But the approval of the International Joint Commission, given very promptly and decisively, is not final in the United States as it is here. Two hurdles have still to be cleared south of the border. They sound simple enough. The President has to designate the "entity"—it is so referred to—to carry out the American side of the power project; and the "entity" has to obtain a licence from the Federal Power Commission.

It has always been assumed that the "entity" to be designated by the President would be the New York State Power Commission. This is the opposite number to the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, and it is just as keen to be allowed to develop the St. Lawrence power potential for a power-hungry market. New York State has had an application before the FPC since 1949. It revised it this year to bring it into line with the plan submitted to the International Joint Commission by the federal governments of Canada and the United States. At the end of September the Federal Power Commission gave notice of the revised application and allowed 30 days for the filing of counter-arguments or objections. Just before the end of last month this 30-day period was extended until December 1. Officially no one can say why the extension was made, but it is reasonable to suppose that it was because no counter-arguments had been offered.

FPC HEARINGS on the New York application could, therefore, start any time in December. Technically it is difficult to see how the Commission can find fault with the New York plans. They are drawn in accordance with the plans approved by the Federal Government in agreement with Canada. The federal authority which approved them was the U.S. Corps of Engineers. The U.S. Corps of Engineers is also the body which has to judge the technical aspects of plans submitted to the Federal Power Commission. If this doesn't assure a clear field, nothing else could.

But the FPC is also required to adjudicate on the desirability of new power projects from a general economic viewpoint. It is on this ground that objection might be lodged by the private power interests of the United States. Nothing in Canada—unless perhaps in Manitoba — corresponds to the fierce rivalry in the United States between the proponents of publicly-owned utilities and the private interests in power companies. The "power lobby" is a strong one. It might be expected to turn all its guns onto New York in this case.

There has been an air of mystery throughout about the anti-Seaway lobbies. Contrary to all expectation, the powerful and well-organized interests which have contrived for so many years to block the Seaway legislation in Congress made no significant appearance before the International Joint Commission. The fierce arguments for which both the federal governments were prepared never developed. The opposition vanished as though it had never been. The long delay in filing objections to New York State's application before the FPC may mean that the "power" lobby is following the same mysterious tactics.

WHATEVER develops there, the President's formal designation of the "entity" presents another set of difficulties. It may be felt that he has to wait on the FPC decision. If Mr. Truman does feel so bound it is doubtful whether he will have time to act before his term of office expires. The Canadian Government can only go on repeating, as Transport Minister Chevrier said the other day, that it has confidence in the commitments Mr. Truman has made. But it will be a great relief if he takes his last formal step by "designating the entity" before he leaves office. If he doesn't then the Seaway is at the mercy of the new President who may not feel bound by Truman's commitment.

Hopes are reasonably high about these two steps. But there is still a third possibility of delay which it is much more difficult to assess. It is a constitutional difficulty. A Canadian cannot pretend to authority about the United States constitution, but it appears that a legal argument can be made against the President's right to delegate to a state authority the power to enter into agreements with foreign governments. Whatever the force of this case may be, President Truman's advisers must have examined it before they adopted their present policy on the Seaway. It seems safe to assume that they are prepared to justify the presidential authority before the courts.

But this does not mean that the President may not be challenged. It is conceivable that the anti-Seaway lobby has been holding its fire for a last-ditch fight on the constitutional question. If the Americans are not normally a litigious people, they are always ready to bring the Government before the courts. By U.S. procedure it would be quite possible to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

EDITORIALS

A New Phase Starts on Seaway Planning

THE St. Lawrence Seaway and Power project, now approved by the International Joint Commission, still awaits two more formal steps in the United States. On the Canadian site nothing is ahead but hard work. Having applied to the International Joint Commission for approval of the power project, President Truman is now also committed to naming an authority to carry out the United States part of it. It is presumed that the Power Commission of New York State will be the named body; but the President has to name it in a formal act. He is still President of the U.S. until late January, and it must be hoped that one of the final acts of his term of office will be to crown his support of the St. Lawrence project by taking this last step. The New York Power Commission, however, also needs the permission of the Federal Power Commission before it can start work. Its application is now before that body, and approval may also be hoped for no later than January.

In Canada the work to be done this winter is of a very different kind. The Board of Engineers, now established in Montreal under Mr. R. A. C. Henry, have still to complete their detailed work on the seaway part of the project. The exact route of the new canals has not yet been determined, and detailed studies of water-flow and quantities of materials required have still to be completed. Until this is done the 1950 estimate of the cost of the Seaway, put at $300 million, remains highly tentative. Presumably it made allowance for most foreseeable contingencies, but the rise in the price level on all materials and on labor since the estimate was made should indicate the possibility of a considerable increase in cost to the Federal Government. This need be a matter of no great concern. The essence of the Seaway project as now contemplated is that it should be self-liquidating. The service of the debt on capital costs and its redemption within the proposed period of 50 years should be very well within the range of revenue to be expected from a quite modest rate of tolls. This is not an argument for extravagance in the construction of the Seaway; but the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, when it is constituted, should act on the same principles which would guide a private firm undertaking the same work. Economy and efficiency are desiderata: so is reasonable speed. The original capital costs should be worked out on that basis.

Living With Our Neighbors

THE CONCLUSION of the quadrennial elections in the United States is, for us in Canada, rather like having a new neighbor move into the house next door. The change of President means much more than a change of Prime Minister would mean to us, because it involves a change not only in the Cabinet but in the senior ranks of the administration. The tradition of continuity between changing administrations is growing in the U.S. But it is still far from being established as firmly as it is in countries governed under the British system, and this inevitably makes it harder for neighbors and friends.

The most serious difficulty of all for the allies of the United States, however, lies in the divorce between the Administration and the Congress. The new President himself can only guess how far he can carry the Congress with him, and how long he may be able to retain its support. The allies and friends of the United States equally have to make their own predictions, and upon these predictions they must base their expectations of the course of U.S. policy. In the present case it is still too early for any confident prophecy about how the new President and the new Congress will settle down together. The one certainty is that things will not be as they have been. The whole of the free world is pausing to take another look at Washington. Not until January will we have the first official announcements to indicate the probable new course.

In this unhappy and rather bewildering situation, Canada can only act as any good neighbor acts when a new family moves in next door. We must assume the best of the new tenants. We must try to show ourselves good neighbors.

"He'll Help You to Remember Me After I'm Gone!"

Canada and Sterling

WHATEVER course the Canadian Government may have been following in the secrecy of official exchanges with London and Washington, there is nothing in the public statements of the politicians to indicate that Canada is playing a very distinguished role in the present discussions about sterling. This criticism applies both to the Liberal and the Conservative leaders. So far as the public is concerned Mr. George Drew has offered the unchallengeable observation that convertibility is the goal. He has made a great fuss—and quite rightly—about the importance of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference and of Canada's stake in the sterling area. But he has so far offered nothing concrete in the way of suggestions about what Canada should do. He ruled out—and again quite rightly—the idea of further dollar loans to bridge the gap: such loans are neither wanted nor appropriate. But Mr. Drew's pitch has been queered by one of his own followers, Mr. George Hess, who has publicly advocated further loans as the only possible solution. The Conservative course on this trade problem, thus far, appears neither very constructive nor politically very rewarding.

So far as public statements go the Liberals' record is very little better. The resolution adopted by the Advisory Council of the National Liberal Federation on this subject was derisible. "It is hoped," said the assemblage of National Liberal talent, "that the Commonwealth Economic Conference may lead the member nations to remove the discriminatory restrictions which limit our markets in Commonwealth countries." Compared with the futile inadequacy of this, even Mr. George Drew's statements appear as shining jewels of good sense. But the National Liberal Advisory Council carried its fatuity even farther. It added this ridiculous tautology: "In the final analysis, increased trade can only be obtained by an increase in the exchange of goods." We sincerely hope that behind

the scenes the officials are talking better sense than either of the political parties. If Canadian performance were to be judged by these politicians' statements, Canada would indeed be a laughing-stock in the councils of the Commonwealth.

McGill's New Institute

THE ESTABLISHMENT by McGill of an Institute of Islamic Studies is another important step in the process by which Canada is slowly qualifying herself to take an intelligent part in the affairs of this complex and now closely integrated planet. There was an era many centuries ago when the Christian world drew largely upon the culture of the Moslem world, and the contact between the two cultures was fruitful for both; but that came to an end when the culture of Western Europe received an immense infusion of new energy through becoming the master of the New World, and the culture of Islam fell into a period of somnolence through having no share in the acquisition.

The rise of Pakistan to nationhood and the rapid modernization of several of the older and more static Moslem nations have given a sharp new impulse to the whole of Islamic culture; and the precarious balance of forces in the world as it is now constituted has given the West a strong reason to seek a better knowledge of and sympathy with the group of nations whose concept of the universe is at least monotheistic and spiritual and entirely opposed to the gross materialism with which we are confronted in the Communist bloc.

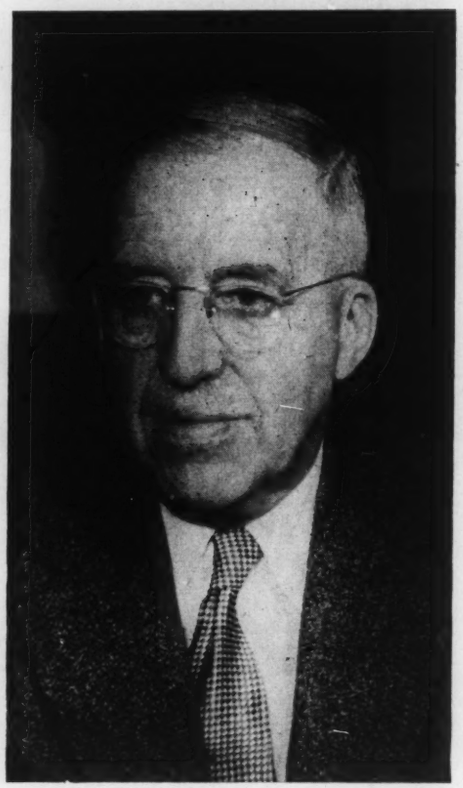
The head of the new Institute at McGill is Professor W. C. Smith, a brilliant young specialist who received a large part of his training in Toronto, and who is admirably equipped to develop the Institute into a centre of research to which there will resort students and investigators and instructors from all over the world. It will serve as a training place for the men who will take part in the diplomatic and commercial relations of Canada with the Moslem countries, relations which are bound to become more important with every decade. But it should have a much wider influence, in persuading the Canadian people that the followers of Islam are neither heathens, savages nor "Fuzzy-Wuzzies", but human beings with much to offer to the general treasury of the human race.

Coast-to-Coast Eye

IN A FRONT PAGE editorial *The Telegraph-Journal* of Saint John, NB, indignantly questions a recent radio speech of the Hon. Robert H. Winters, Federal Minister of Resources and Development. Mr. Winters spoke glowingly about "The Nation's Business" and, province by province, cited "imposing regional developments" across the breadth of the country. "But in this painstaking recital of Canadian developments from coast to coast," says the paper, "New Brunswick was pointedly ignored." The editorial makes two assumptions: (1) federal pique because NB had elected a Conservative Government; (2) "the Federal Government has as yet done practically nothing worth mentioning for New Brunswick."

We prefer to think that the offending omission was an oversight rather than either of the two assumptions. But it was a serious oversight. The question of New Brunswick's future place in the nation—or for that matter, any of the smaller provinces—brings up the question of decentralization of Canadian development. Just how much decentralization of industrial development, within the bounds of sound national economy, there should be, deserves more than lip service.

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce is one organization that keeps a coast-to-coast eye on Canada's development—not an eye that shuts and opens for one province at a time. And interestingly enough, a New Brunswicker, Mr. L. W. Simms of Saint John, was elected to the important office of President of the CC of C at what was one of the most significant conventions ever held. Mr. Simms, a leading manufacturer, is not only an ardent Maritimer but he has served in many capacities of national scope. He knows the whole country thoroughly, having learned the realistic



—CP

MR. L. W. SIMMS

way in his earlier years as a cross-country salesman for the company he now heads. The list of offices he has held, including past presidencies, is one of the most impressive rosters in Canada. With this tradition and experience, Mr. Simms now comes to the challenge of another high office. His fellow businessmen have full confidence in his leadership through a period of complex problems.

English and Road Signs

VOICES have been raised in Ontario demanding that in the interests of public safety licenses to operate motor cars be refused to persons who are not sufficiently familiar with the English language to understand the road signs. This sounds like a rather silly demand for several reasons, chief among them being the fact that licenses issued by other jurisdictions are valid for motoring in Ontario and nobody would dream of refusing to let a driver with a French or Spanish or Guatemalan license drive his car in that province. Also Ontarians frequently drive their own cars into Mexico, and would be greatly annoyed if they were required to pass an examination in Spanish before doing so.

Motoring is now an international pastime, and we may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact. Indeed the United Nations is preparing to recommend the adoption of a set of symbols which, without the use of any words, will convey to motorists just as much information about the hazards they are approaching as do the English-language signs now used in Ontario. Since Ontario is so situated that it is inevitably bound to be host to a number of Canadians from another province where a knowledge of English cannot be assumed on the part of all motorists, it might be wise policy for it to be among the first to adopt this international code of signals rather than to call on all motorists to learn the meaning of "low bridge", "cattle crossing" and "slippery when wet".

Consumers' Prices

THIS JOURNAL, which has always been interested in a correct use of language, cannot but welcome the replacement of a "cost of living index" by a consumers' price index. All these statistical devices are liable to cause confusion. All are liable to be regarded as something which they can never possibly be. Most housewives have a perpetual feeling that prices are increasing, and that they are paying more than they used to, or more than they want to, or more than they ought to, for the goods they buy. When the cost of living index was going up it provided, they supposed, a statistical and infallible proof that their worst suspicions were well founded. When it went down, as it has been doing throughout this year, they did not—for the most part—have occasion to notice it. Neither while it was going up nor while it was coming down did most people pay any attention to the changes which the index in fact measured. The same confusion is likely to surround the new "consumers' price index", which starts with the peculiar suspicion resulting from the fact that it sounds lower than the old.

All these indices are attempts to measure the changing price level of a given basketful of consumer goods. Their value for the general public depends on how closely they correspond to the basketful of goods that the general public (or its wife) carries home from market each week. The old index, on a 1935-39 base, represented the sort of shopping basket which the housewives in a given income group would most often carry home in the years between 1935 and 1939. The new index attempts to describe the price factor in the shopping basket which the housewives in a similar income group carried home in 1949. The different prices in the index are weighed to correspond to what 3,600 families actually bought in the year 1948-49, the families being spread across 27 cities with population of over 30,000, and being confined within the income group which earns between $1,650 and $4,050 per annum.

If this is understood, the new index is unquestionably more accurate than the old. But it cannot possibly reflect precisely the changing price level of everything that everybody buys. There may be no family in Canada which buys just that combination of goods which the price index describes. Approximation to the average will be closer in those families within the group sampled. But a farm family, buying different goods, or a family in the $10,000 a year income group, will buy a collection of goods so different from the sample that its own direct expenditures are not measured by the index. Nor can every family's expenditures be computed in terms of price. If the new index be recognized for what it is—a measurement of the price level of an average shopping-basket in an average-income family—it will stand any test. If it is regarded as being a sort of magic yardstick measuring what each individual family may spend, then it cannot be right.

MR. DUPLESSIS MOVES IN

TV Censorship in Quebec

by B. K. Sandwell

THE CBC must be having an interesting time making up its mind whether it should contest the claim of Mr. Duplessis that the Province of Quebec has the right to censor its telecasts. On the face of it, it would look as if the Province had a pretty clear case. That which is transmitted by television is a visual performance, and nobody so far has contested the right of the provincial authorities to censor visual performances, whether transmitted to the audience by direct communication as in the theatre or by recording as in the cinema. In both these cases there is a factor which is absent in the case of television, namely the admission charge, but it scarcely seems likely that the fact of charging for admission can be the essential point that brings the theatre and the cinema under provincial control.

It might perhaps be claimed that the Dominion Government itself has a right of exemption from provincial censorship, though it is not quite clear under what item of the BNA Act that exemption would be provided. But in any event a great deal of what is televised in the Province of Quebec will not be produced by the CBC itself but by some advertising concern, and it seems scarcely likely that an advertising agency can be exempt from Provincial censorship because it is using a medium which for the purpose of certain kinds of regulation has been assigned to the Dominion.

Mr. Duplessis in his latest pronouncement has said that "the rights of the Province in this matter are incontestable and, I hope, uncontested, and it is our intention to put them to use." They could not, of course, be put to use if the act of transmission were taking place in another province, but the nature of television is such that even if the original transmission is somewhere else, there has to be a retransmission at a point fairly close to the receiver, and thus in order to reach practically any television set in the Province of Quebec a retransmission operation must take place within the Province.

IT IS HERE that Mr. Duplessis seems to have his opportunity to move in. He can forbid the transmission or retransmission in Quebec of any performance without the presence of one of his censors, and he can insist that this censor shall be permitted to shut off the performance whenever he feels that it does not conform to the Quebec idea of what should be allowed to reach the television screen.

On the other hand, if he can do this about television, what is to prevent him from doing it about the sound-only broadcast? This is usually either originated or rebroadcast in Quebec for the Quebec audience, and it would appear possible for Mr. Duplessis to station one of his censors in any and every broadcasting studio with a control key which will shut off the machinery when he disapproves of what is being transmitted. The fact that the television operation conveys a picture and the ordinary radio only an audible sound cannot possibly make any difference. Mr. Duplessis bases his argument largely on the analogy between the television performance and the cinema performance, which as he says is admittedly subject to Provincial censorship. But the method of regulating the morals of the cinema by a board of censors was adopted only because a cinema performance, being always a recording, can be censored before it is communicated to the public. A direct-performance television show, on the other hand, is in this respect similar to a theatrical show, which is censored by the police at the time of being put on, with the difference that a theatrical show is usually put on for several performances, and can therefore be censored between the first and second presentations, whereas the television show is a one-performance affair and cannot be censored at all if it is not censored while in presentation. That means also that the censoring can take only one form, that of blacking out objectionable passages, and this is especially true if what is going on in Quebec is merely a relaying of a performance which is taking place elsewhere.

IT WILL PROBABLY be argued that when broadcasting was declared to be in the federal domain the whole control of it, including the control of what shall and shall not be broadcast anywhere in Canada, was thereby placed in the hands of the Dominion authorities. That appears to me a very dubious proposition. Nobody claims that a magazine transmitted by the Canadian post office from one province to another is exempt from censorship by the receiving province, and indeed Mr. Duplessis is already censoring the picture content of magazines with considerable freedom. The control of radio which was awarded to the Dominion means the control of the physical mechanism by which transmission is effected, not necessarily the control of the content.

Mr. Duplessis rests his claim largely on the provincial rights over education, on the ground that the cinema and the television broadcast can be and inevitably will be used largely for the formation of opinion. It is by no means certain that the word "education" in the BNA Act has quite so broad a meaning.

It will be recalled that Mr. Hepburn on one occasion censored a production of the National Film Board, which is quite as much an emanation of the Crown in the right of the Dominion as is the CBC, and I imagine that Mr. Duplessis' censors have been cutting up NFB films when they felt like it for years. If it refuses to accept Quebec censorship of television the CBC may be opening up a magnificent field of controversy.

Keeping Abreast of Current Trends

Our November "Review and Securities List" contains comment on current business trends and security market levels including the outlook for Canadian securities.

Some 65 bonds, convertible debentures, and preferred and common shares are listed, from which selections may be made to suit individual investment portfolio requirements.

Copies of our November
"Review and Securities List"
may be obtained from any of our offices
on request by mail or telephone.

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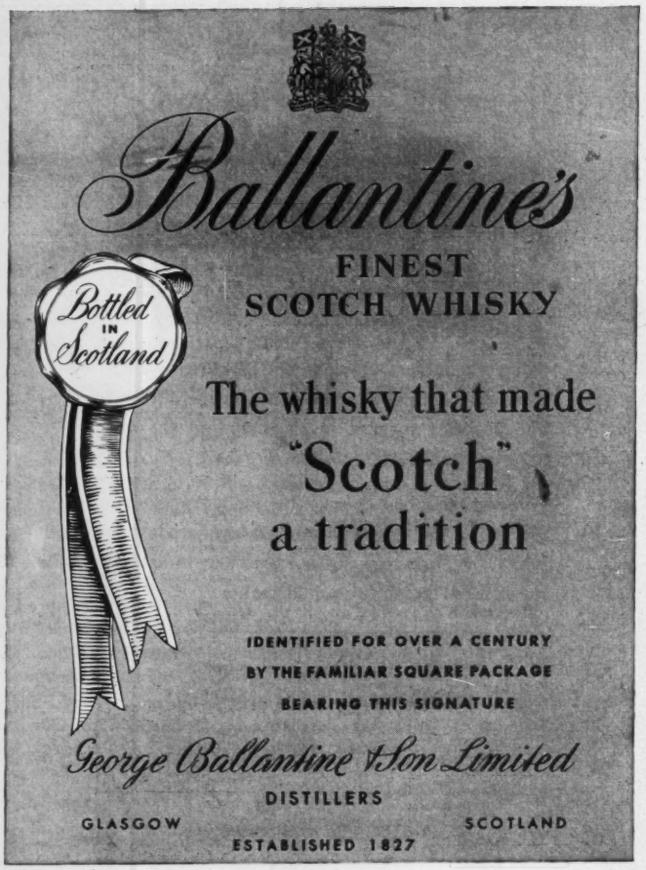

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wait until the President has designated "the entity" (presumably New York State) and then to apply to the courts for an injunction to restrain him from so doing. Then the argument would be advanced that the constitutional authority to permit New York State to conduct a joint project with Ontario could be exercised only by Congress. It would be a Supreme Court case. Even if the President won, the delay might be long. And if he lost, we would be back where we were before—in the Congress, where the lobbyists are really at home.

This rough outline of the obstacle course ahead makes it clear that the IJC approval is not the last word. In the pessimistic view the chance of getting final clearance from the U.S. side in time for a spring start is about even. On a more cheerful, but still sober view, the odds might be about 6-4 in favor.

WITHIN the next few months, another vital decision has to be taken by the Province of Quebec. The Seaway can be built through the Lachine section either as a navigation project alone or as another combined power and navigation plan. In the first case it involves a canal along the north shore with two new locks to step down 50 feet between Lake St. Louis and Montreal. In the second case a dam and powerhouse would be built about where Victoria Bridge is now. The head of water from Lake St. Louis would provide 1,200,000 horsepower of electrical energy right at Montreal's door. This project would also mean extensive improvements to the Harbor of Montreal.

Quebec has to take the decision where the investment in power is worthwhile now. The integrated scheme would have great advantages for Montreal, and it would be more economical than building in two stages—canal now and power later. On the other hand Quebec has not the same urgent and immediate need for increased power that Ontario has and it still has other sites available. For the Federal Government it may be a little more expensive to build the new canal if Quebec does not join in the power scheme, and the Federal Government undoubtedly hopes that Quebec will take the bold decision. But the Seaway can be constructed in either case, once the obstacle course in the United States is completed.

LETTERS

Our High Dollar

THE article by B. K. Sandwell (Oct. 4) has rendered a service by examining an important aspect of Canada's position in "Our Dollar Is Too High." However, the one-sided analysis and the suggested remedy come as something of a shock. There are important errors and omissions. The article assumes our dollar's strength rests almost entirely on capital inflows. But our dollar is also strong because of a large export surplus. It says that the world price of none of our exports has risen because of the rate of exchange.

Is this quite true? When newsprint prices were raised, Americans protested partly because the price was higher in the U.S. than in Canada. Canadian authorities justified the price differential partly on the basis of the exchanges. Probably other exporters —say of nickel and asbestos—could also take the exchanges into account, if they preferred that course. The export surplus and the level of trade do not support the thesis that exporters as a whole are endangered. Perhaps the real question is the distribution of the gains and losses which result from exchange movements.

Yet the article may be right. But the remedy offered—buying U.S. securities—is startling. First, it is not obvious that Canada would profit by this procedure. Could the Canadian Government take its "profit" without selling U.S. dollars? Second, this procedure might cost us considerable good will in the U.S., or even invite retaliation.

The article skimps on important considerations. At the outset we discover the vital importance of imports to Canada; at the end we discover that it is not important that a strong dollar gives us cheaper imports. Not considered is the inflationary effect of the remedy, not only by increasing import prices, but by inducing a greater inflow of capital and by injecting huge amounts of money into the most active sectors of the Canadian economy. . . .

Saskatoon, Sask. J. R. DOWNS

Italian Immigrants

RE YOUR recent editorial on Italian Immigration, this editorial shows again that the SATURDAY NIGHT is a fearless paper, often defending minority rights when other papers fail to do so. (Remember the quasi forcible repatriation of Canadians of Japanese descent?)

Anyone who has attended elementary schools knows that Italy is over-populated; therefore emigration is imperative for such a country, to relieve the grave unemployment situation existing. There exists at present a situation which makes a fertile ground for revolution.

Hamilton, Ont. SAM SCIME

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The Royal: Showcase of Canadian Agriculture

The Winter Fair in Toronto is "big time" for farmers who spend months grooming their entries for the show

by James Gray

THE Royal Agricultural Winter Fair may not be all things to all men. But it makes a respectable stab at it. It is the real showcase of Canadian Agriculture. This year's show is the goal to which hundreds of Canadian farmers started working last year, and the year before, and the year before that. And for every one that reaches it, a dozen fall by the way as their fond hopes of having a winner at the royal turn to ashes in the long process of developing, fitting and conditioning.

The Royal is big time—Agriculture's Grey cup final. It doesn't matter whether he breeds pouter pigeons or Hereford bulls, guinea pigs or Tamworth hogs, bantam chickens or hunter horses, grows grain or raises clover seed. The farmer who can win at the Royal is the Canadian champion. The Royal's red ribbon sets him heads above the common run. From it he emerges with both kudos and cash for when the next batch of customers turns up. In a word, the best that Canadian agriculture can and does produce automatically turns up at the Royal every November.

Yet thousands of Torontonians wend their way into the Coliseum every year and never see the real Royal. They go ostensibly to see the Horse Show. In fact they attend to put on a dazzling performance of their own. In the boxes encircling the show-ring gather the crème-de-la-crème of Toronto's society. Here can be seen everyone who is anyone, resplendent in the superb examples of the tailor's art. Here is grooming at its best for all the gentlemen are miraculously made handsome in their white ties and tails and all the ladies are gorgeous in their mink and ermine and golden slippers.

Their manners, as they promenade through the aisles, smiling restrainedly in recognition to each other, doffing hats to just the correct height and angle, are worth going a long way to see. Indeed, if you're from the hinterlands, you find you are trying to watch too many things at once. You can't keep your eyes on the horse show because of your fascination with Toronto society. That is unfortunate, for the horse show at Toronto is the absolute tops.

Here are the finest jumping horses of three continents. Here are the glamorous Palominos*, the hackneys and the hackney ponies, the roadsters, the trotters, the coach horses and above all the incomparable American Saddlers doing their three gaits or five. Here are horses prized above money and horses that have been acquired only through the passing of five-figure cheques. Here, moreover, is competition writ large in italics. Here is all the tension, for the exhibitors, trainers and riders, of the last half of the ninth inning of the seventh game of the World Series.

*The writer knows from personal knowledge of the thrill that comes to a western breeder whose stock is selected to go to the Royal. His Palomino American Saddler colt—Stormalong of Grassmere, was selected to represent Alberta this year in the Palomino class. The name derives from the fact that he was foaled in the open pasture the day after the biggest June blizzard in Alberta history last year.

Sparkling, dazzling and exciting. But it isn't the Royal. Not the real Royal. That's outside at the back and upstairs: out with the dairy cattle, the beef cattle, the horses in the horse palace, the chickens and the ducks and the seeds and, above all, with the people who live on the land with animals. It's the excited boy with the wet eyes besides the steer who was third for the Queen's guineas. It's the soft-handed Jersey breeder from Brockville who so proudly displays his string of ribbons. It's the young fellow from Alberta with a string of beef cattle but nary a ribbon, whose thoughts are all on next year.

That's the real Royal. The rest is but the gaudy cellophane wrapper that sells it to the public, provides it with the financial grease that make the wheels go round. The Royal is a week in Toronto. It is also a year of planning, of hard work, of concentrated attention. It begins with a fellow like Wilf Edgar of Innisfail, Alta., sitting on a corral fence looking over a new calf crop. A heifer calf catches his eye. He looks and looks and looks. Eventually he will mutter to himself: "There's one that might make it to the Royal."

Any candidate for the Royal is an animal apart. It won't be for sale. It will get an added measure of care and attention for the rest of its life. Nine out of ten *won't* make it to the Royal. They don't realize, in their growth and development, on their early promise. But the one that does make it more than makes up for those that don't. For easy proof — when you're out among the Herefords track down Wilf Edgar, ask him about the heifer he won the Grand Championship with last year and watch those eyes shine. And remember Edgar is a veteran of many years of exhibiting at the Royal.

Out here in the West hearing that phrase—"Hey, you've got one there that could make it to the Royal" — is akin to being bitten by the gold bug. For a small breeder of anything — horses, cattle, sheep or swine — it often means taking leave of your financial senses. You don't stop to ask yourself whether you can afford it, or where the money is coming from. You start working your

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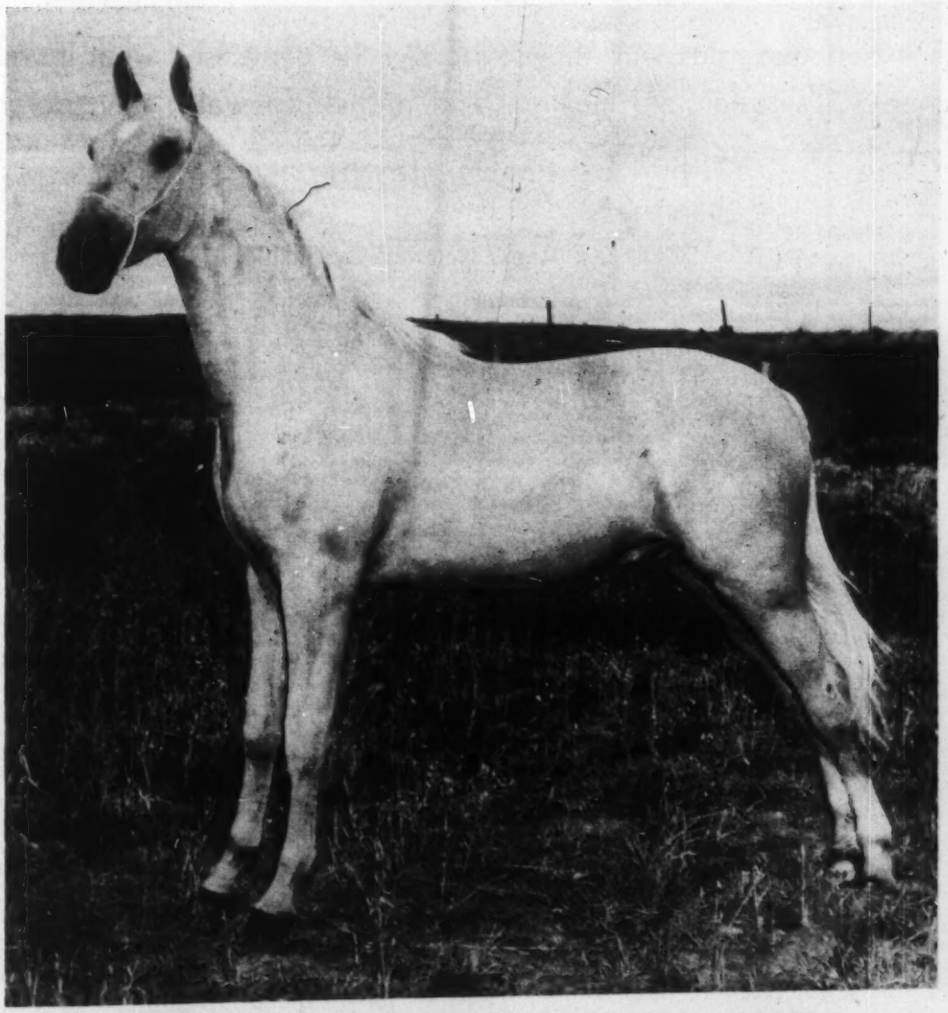

PALOMINO FROM ALBERTA AT THE ROYAL: STORMALONG OF GRASSMERE

MR. GRAY *is Editor of* The Farm and Ranch Review, *Calgary.*

—Michael Burns

TENSE MOMENT is created by Gordon Howe, centre, Detroit Red Wings, as he moves in on Toronto Maple Leaf goalie Harry Lumley, an ex-team-mate. Leafs' Bobby Hassard is in background. Howe is always a potential scoring threat.

Pro Hockey Is Better Than Ever

An expert disagrees with those who say the game isn't what it was; he says it's faster and cleaner, and prettier to watch than before

by Foster Hewitt

THE National Hockey League season is still too young to enable anyone to predict its seasonal course, but already there is evidence that the league is better balanced than it was last year.

During the months when the trade-winds were blowing, Detroit, the 1952 champions, lost Sid Abel to Chicago and Leo Reise to New York. Abel was the playmaker for Howe and Lindsay, and his departure to Black Hawks will definitely lessen the Red Wings steam on the attack. Reise was a solid defenseman who played well with Red Kelly. The absence of those two experienced players will reduce the Detroit power, although Reg Sinclair will add some scoring strength.

Montreal Canadiens, last year's runners-up, have a potentially great team. In addition to such established stars as Lach, Reay and Richard, they have half a dozen youngsters who have the fire of youth and the aplomb of maturity. They could be "the team of the year," particularly if Lach and Reay stand the wear and tear.

TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS could be the sensations or the flops of the current season. During the idle months they traded or deposed many of their 1951-52 regulars and exchanged goalkeeper Rollins for Lumley. The success of the present team will depend upon several hungry rookies brought up from Pittsburg Hornets. They will all have incentive to prove their NHL skill, and this will provide the urge to make good. Conn Smythe has scrapped and replaced in other years and his record has been good. However, only competition itself will provide the answer. The Leafs could be very good or very ordinary.

Boston Bruins started the season with a youthful and capable bunch of forwards, but with a defence that needed reinforcing. Generally the team has a good mixture of youngsters and oldsters, but much of their strength will depend upon the ageing legs of 34-year-old Milt Schmidt, the league's veteran in service. Milt's very presence on the ice seems to pep the whole team. As Schmidt goes, so goes Boston.

New York Rangers have been weakened by the pre-season injury to "Bones" Raleigh but were fortunate in signing a couple of Junior "A" OHA stars like Howell and Bathgate from Guelph. Defensively, Rangers can be the equal of any team in the league, and as they were the third best scorers last season, they could be the team to watch.

Chicago Black Hawks picked up Mortson, Rollins and Gardner from Toronto in the swap for Lumley. They have a smart rookie in Pete Conacher who seems to have inherited the family talent; they also took a look at 40 training-camp prospects before deciding on the final 18. The Hawks still seem short on proven players and their hopes may well depend upon Sid Abel's ability to coach. Great players are not always good teachers, and the ex-Detroit star has still to demonstrate his gift for handling other players. If he succeeds, the Black Hawks' fans will see some good hockey.

The NHL season should provide a closer race than last, when Red Wings won 10 more games than second-place Montreal Canadiens and 27 more than Chicago. The league and the public will profit from this levelling.

From the fan viewpoint, the National Hockey League would be even more appealing if there were more teams than six. There were years when the NHL had as many as 10 teams and operated in two divisions. Later there were 8 clubs and, in a long schedule, that would seem the ideal number.

Recently, the National Hockey League governors moved to bring in Cleveland and, if acceptable financing could have been arranged, the inclusion of that good sporting city would have been desirable. However, even with sufficient funds, there is some doubt whether the Cleveland club would have had adequate playing strength. If it hadn't, its players might easily have become discouraged, for the history of the NHL indicates that first-year clubs have had to absorb some terrible trouncings.

ONE YEAR the governors hoped that Philadelphia would be a good hockey centre, so they arranged for a franchise transfer from Pittsburgh. However, instead of nursing the new unit until it could show signs of standing on its own feet, the other clubs permitted the young Quakers to win only four games in 44 played. The Philadelphians were buried so deeply that they couldn't come to the surface for a second season.

The same thing happened in St. Louis a couple of years later. St. Louis was and is a good sports town, so the NHL governors, groping for expansion, transferred an Ottawa franchise to that city. Again, instead of carrying the Eagles until they could fly independently, the other teams clipped their wings and made them as harmless as doves. The St. Louis sportsmen were so humbled and discouraged that they didn't appear for the next

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TUNGSTEN IN THEM THAR HILLS

Canada's Mine in the Sky

by Leslie Roberts

BENNETT, Manager of the Red Rose Mine of Western Tungsten and Copper Company, said, "Okay, Let's go!" Holland, the government geologist from Victoria, and Jasper, the Resident Engineer climbed into the back of the four-wheel-drive Land Rover. Bennett took the wheel and the reporter slid in beside him.

From the Red Rose mill, which sits 5,000 feet "up the hill" from British Columbia's Skeena River, the mountain rose, bald, brown and jagged. Away above the crusher and concentrator, 2,000 feet higher and just short of a saw-tooth ridge, high above the tree line, a group of huts hung minuscule against a backdrop of dun-colored rock. From below, the rise to the huts and mine-tunnels leading into the mountain looked almost perpendicular. The up-bound jeep-journey promised to be hair-raising.

What lay at its upper terminus is an important pinpoint in the West's drive for security and peace. Judged by what a man reads in the big city newspapers, he could conclude that the free world's preparedness effort originates in the steel mills of Pittsburg, the arms factories of Birmingham and Sheffield and the heavy industries of Ontario and Quebec. But these are simply important way stations en route. The drive—for the U.S. and U.K., as well as for Canada—begins under the tundras of the Northwest Territories and northern Saskatchewan, in the deeps of Sudbury and Noranda, and high in the mountains of BC, wherever men mine the strategic minerals.

Reduce the flow of iron from the ranges, or of nickel, cobalt, tungsten, chromium and the other additive metals and the stream of production of alloys would dry to a trickle.

IN JUNE, 1952, the President's Materials Policy Commission laid on Mr. Truman's desk a Report of almost 1,000 printed pages, summarizing the raw material requirements of the United States. It is not a cheerful tome. It points up Uncle Sam's desperate need of virtually all the key minerals and the scarcity of secure sources within his own borders. The only sigh of relief exhaled by the Reports stems from the fact that Canada is where it is, is so rich in resources and is being developed so rapidly. The sigh also explains why Red Rose miners live in huts lashed to an Alp, where whorls of wind sweep with fury around the inner rim of a giant's cup, shaped by a circle of peaks. Buried up there is tungsten — and without tungsten the West would be without a stockpile of armor-piercing missiles, and the harder industrial steels.

The tungsten stockpile is dangerously low. Only cobalt is harder to get. If circumstances forced the United States to live off its fat for the next decade — just for normal industrial needs — Uncle Sam's domestic sources would be virtually exhausted. According to Mr. Truman's Commissioners, American civilian requirements alone outrun intake from all suppliers by almost 25 per cent and consume 2½ times domestic production which, as noted, is rapidly eating into reserves. Civilian requirements are simply not being filled. This is not a reassuring picture for Uncle, though it must look pretty to the man who owns a piece of a Canadian tungsten mine.

The plight of Britain is even worse than that of the U.S. The dollars the U.K. must spend for tungsten (she just doesn't have any of her own) mean less wheat, bacon and cheese for her people. Critically short supply has run the price to levels unheard of even at the height of World War II, which the British cannot afford to pay—but somehow do. Such items as these go far to explain why the U.K. recognized Red China, fought to keep the door open, and was exasperated beyond diplomatic language by MacArthur's dash to the Yalu and his reeling return to the 38th Parallel, which brought the Chinese into Korea. The Reds promptly slammed the door to their tungsten mines, which contain about 90 per cent of the known world supply. Before the Yalu incident, Britain was buying Chinese tungsten with sterling. Now she must hand over her cherished dollars to keep defence commitments going. Meanwhile Russia is presumed to be getting all the tungsten it wants — at the old price.

Even though the door to China may be reopened some time in the future, the President's Commission makes the point that the U.S. must continue to deal with on-continent mines as its basic source, absorb all surplus Canadian output and encourage sound exploration projects, with financial aid where necessary.

Thus Canada occupies a highly favorable position, as witness the recent reopening with Government aid of an abandoned mine near Salmo, BC, (which is currently buying itself back out of hock), and such remarkable operations as the Red Rose, high atop its bald crag. What comes out of the mountain towering over the Skeena is some of the richest tungsten-bearing ore in North America, extracted from scheelite, a mineral which suddenly glows like a Christmas tree when exposed to a lamp the geologists call the Mineralite. The man with a deposit of this remarkable stuff is a man with pie in the sky.

* * *

Bennett ground the gear level into low-low and the long climb began. The narrow trail, mere inches wider than the jeep, hung guardless on the bald mountain's edge, as it rose at a crazy angle, which one rider in back proclaimed to be 17-degrees. After scrambling upward for maybe half a mile, the track suddenly levelled off into a short "switch," where it was joined by another from

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—Hux Lovely

"FROM BELOW, the rise . . . looked almost perpendicular. The . . . journey promised to be hair-raising."

Pictures Without Popcorn

Catering to what has been called "the lost audience", a new selling plan is now the talk of the movie trade

by Ted Hughes

EARLY in October, "Curtain at 8:30," a scheme aimed at recapturing what the motion picture industry likes to call the lost audience, moved into its second season of existence, having not only survived its first season but having emerged as something of a rousing success.

This "lost audience" has not yet been gauged as to size, nor is there any sure way of measuring it, but if Curtain at 8:30 is any indication, Canada, if not the United States, may well have a large number of people whose taste in films is not restricted to Betty Grable, Abbott and Costello, and Francis the talking mule.

The curtain operation, now being offered in 32 Canadian movie theatres in communities of about 10,000 population, is simply a way of bringing to these places films which hitherto have not been shown there because they did not appeal to the majority of movie-goers.

Such films as "Tales of Hoffman," "The Emperor's Nightingale," "Bitter Rice," "Henry V" and "The River" can find large enough audiences in large cities like Toronto or Montreal, but few theatre managers in places like Moose Jaw or Lethbridge would dream of booking them.

WHAT Curtain at 8:30 provided was a plan whereby theatres in these communities would shut out the blood-and-thunder-in-glorious-technicolor trade for one night a week, dress the theatre in long hair and highbrows and thus lure the residents who wouldn't be caught dead at a Ma and Pa Kettle picture. But before the plan was put into general use, it was tried out for 12 weeks in one theatre.

The proving ground was Orillia, Ont., about a year ago. The test run of Curtain at 8:30 was publicized as something of a social event, with many patrons attending in evening clothes, and it proved so successful that last winter 26 other theatres adopted the plan. This month, the total is 32 and the Curtain-pullers hope to add another dozen by next spring.

Master-minding Curtain at 8:30 are Nat and Yvonne Taylor of Toronto. He is president of 20th Century Theatres, which owns 60 houses throughout Canada. She operates two of them, Toronto's "art houses," the Towne and International Cinemas. It was Mrs. Taylor who, having received numerous letters wondering why the films shown at her two theatres never hit the smaller cities, took the problem up with her husband. Together, they worked out the Curtain idea, took it to J. J. Fitzgibbon, head of Famous Players Theatres, the largest chain in Canada. He liked it and agreed to cooperate. Now, of the 32 theatres participating, 18 are Famous, nine are 20th Century and five are independently owned.

To give the effort a dressy front, the founders set up the International Cinema Guild of Canada, installed Yvonne Taylor as director. Then Mrs. Taylor and her staff went to work on one of the smartest selling campaigns the huckster-happy movie industry has seen in some time.

Not only did the Guild pick the movies to be shown in each eight-week Curtain series, but it (or she) also provided appropriate short subjects, a list of suggested records (all classical music) to be played before Curtain time and various suggestions to the theatre managers concerned, who, incidentally, were described in Guild literature as "cultural ambassadors."

A theatre manager's manual was provided, listing Mrs. Taylor's campaign ideas and including—in a neatly stapled rear-cover envelope—a 15-minute radio script that could be used for promoting the Curtain idea. Mrs. Taylor's advice is pretty thorough, leaving very little to chance.

A manager is advised to wear a tuxedo for Curtain nights, to instruct his ushers in the proper method of taking patrons to their seats, to see the local florist about donating (for a plug) a basket of flowers, and to borrow (also for a plug) records from a local music store.

"Your candy counter," reads one paragraph, "is an important item. It can be handled to add to your general effect. The biggest eyesore will be your popcorn stand. Do *not sell popcorn* on this night. Instead, try to cover your popcorn unit with suitable material so that it will look like an ornament. Your candy bar should feature only the better and more expensive kinds of candy on that night. Don't feel that you will be losing business by doing this, as we have proven that the type of people that will attend Curtain at 8:30 are not potential candy buyers."

BOOKLETS containing the program for an eight-week series were supplied to the managers together with advice on how to distribute them—such as obtaining IODE or other women's club mailing lists. Also supplied were display cards, again with a tip:

". . . in places like the YMCA, libraries, book stores or any community centres, gymnasiums, bowling alleys catering to leagues, church and school recreation rooms, but *definitely not* in the usual places for window cards such as steamy restaurants, laundries and the usual places into which theatres put window cards."

Another suggestion concerns the showing of trailers, those "previews of coming attractions" which always seem to find new superlatives to throw at movie audiences.

"It is suggested that you do not run regular trailers. Don't try to influence these people to come and see your regular pictures. Of course, if they walk out of your theatre and notice what is playing the following day or next Monday and come to see it, that is your good luck." (Special trailers, advertising future Curtain at 8:30 attractions, were provided, however.)

All seats for Curtain nights are reserved in advance and sold to the popcorn abstainers at 75 cents each, slightly higher than most of the movie houses charge normally. Selling tickets in series blocks is encouraged, but not considered essential. "Some people," says the manual, "make a great to-do of having the same seat every week."

Some of this, of course, smacks of snob appeal and although the International Cinema Guild stops short of using such a term in its literature, the factor is there all the same and everyone concerned makes the most of it.

The Orillia Packet & Times, in commenting editorially on the experiment of last fall, touched on this aspect of the Curtain idea:

"We have always felt that there is, in every town, an audience for the 'unusual' picture; people for whom the usual movie fare of musicals,

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—Panda

CURTAIN at 8:30's Director, Mrs. Yvonne Taylor.

DEPENDS ON KOREAN WAR

Japan's Brittle Prosperity

by Patrick O'Donovan

Tokyo.

JAPAN'S economy — never very firmly based—must now be one of the world's most eccentric structures. Her prosperity, such as it is, depends almost entirely on the American garrisons, whose presence is quietly resented, and on the Korean war.

The standard of living is about 80 per cent of what it was before Japan went to war; her ruined cities have been restored after a fashion and furnished with every sort of saleable pleasure devised by urban civilizations. The country has an air of busy, unpretentious prosperity. The outward signs of defeat—ruin, hunger, lassitude and humility— have virtually disappeared.

Japan is now engaged in the delicate business of restoring her position in a world economy from which she has been absent for eleven years. Fundamentally, her condition is curiously similar to Britain's. Yet today she has a favorable balance of international payments. In the first six months of this year, her visible exports amounted to $732 million and her invisible earnings to $500 million. Four hundred and fifteen million dollars of these invisible earnings were payments by the United States for labor contracts inside Japan, and for supplies from the Japanese market for the Korean War.

Japan's visible trade balance, on the other hand has been consistently adverse, and there seems to be no prospect of the gap being closed. If for any reason the American payments were to end, Japan would exhaust her dollar reserves within a year and her condition would be desperate.

FOR JAPAN TODAY is a nation with few resources except the skill and industry of her labor and management. She has a population of 85,000,000 living in a country the size of California. Her population is increasing at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 a year and only some 17 per cent of her land is arable.

Before the war she could exist and maintain huge armed forces because she obtained raw materials by a "forced draught" from dependencies such as Formosa, Korea, Manchuria and a rich slice of China. All these have gone. In 1939, for instance, the China trade represented 37 per cent of her total overseas trade. Now it is reduced to a trickle.

Japan is a factory that exists by importing raw materials and exporting finished goods. But the war has made this more difficult. With the exception of the textile trade, her equipment is old-fashioned, and capital for development is scarce. The materials that once came from the Asian mainland—iron ore, coking coal for making steel, and raw cotton —now come from the United States, and with the exception of some ore from Malaya and some expensive cotton from East Punjab and Egypt, there seem to be no alternative sources of supply.

Japan buys from the dollar bloc and tries to sell to the sterling area. Because of the cost of her materials her steel is among the most expensive in the world. Her machinery, looms, locomotives, etc., are cheaper, though less excellent, than the British, but she offers early delivery.

HER TEXTILES, of a better quality and produced under labor conditions that are considerably less odious and better paid than is usually realized in Britain, are a little cheaper than the British product. But she cannot sell in sufficient quantities, and her textile trade is now facing an enforced 30 per cent cut in production.

Japanese industrialists, who seem curiously unworried, can see two possible solutions. At the end of September Japan had amassed a non-convertible sterling balance of £119 million. The neat solution would be for Japan to switch her imports from the United States and buy raw materials in the sterling area. But since 1941 many of her old raw material sources in the sterling area have made the first steps towards self-sufficiency. The Indian subcontinent, from which Japan once obtained 55 per cent of her cotton, now has a textile industry of its own. Pakistan has put a tax on cotton exports that makes them 30 per cent more expensive than American cotton. South-East Asia is no longer the wide-open, passive source of wealth that it was, and Japan's old position as the only Asian country using European techniques on a European scale has been lost.

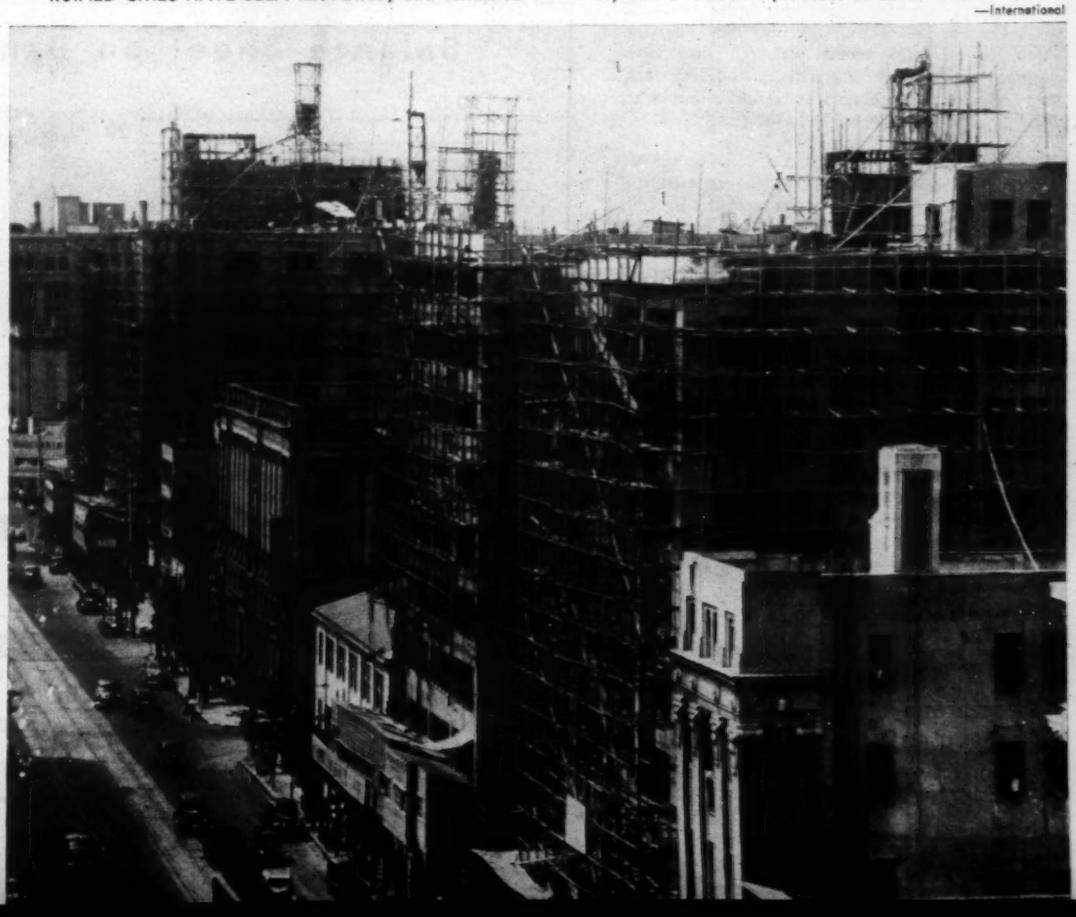
The second solution, popular here for political as well as economic reasons, is the China trade. Many choose to regard it as a cure-all that is being arbitrarily withheld by the West. At present, under agreement with the United States, Japan's trade with China is rather more restricted than that of the undefeated Powers.

In 1934, for instance, she got 83 per cent of her coal from China and Manchuria; now all her coal comes from the United States. In September last year China coal was $18 a ton, while United States coal was $39.30. With soya beans, iron ore and tung oil, the story is similar. But the fact remains that even if trade with China were politically possible, China is no longer the answer to Japan's problem.

For China is now doing what Japan did in the nineteenth century, and her economy is becoming competitive with Japan's, rather than complementary. Her requirements from Japan would probably be limited to machinery, and her raw materials, required for her own and Russian industries, are no longer in easy supply. Of course, Japan's China trade could be somewhat expanded, but not sufficiently to close the trade gap or to offset the ill-will of the United States which it would earn for Japan.

BECAUSE the Korean war shows no sign of ending, and because it will be many years before Japan's more ambitious nationalists can point to a sufficient defence force of their own and ask the Americans to quit, the present situation seems, for a while, durable as well as fairly comfortable. The dollar payments of the American garrisons seem to offset for the time being the need for more territory. If only because of Japan's commanding strategic position on the edge of Asia, a reasonable standard of living and contentment will have to be maintained here by the Americans, however artificially, for the foreseeable future. The prospect does not dismay the Japanese. —*OFNS*

"RUINED CITIES HAVE BEEN RESTORED, and furnished with every sort of saleable pleasure of urban civilization."
—International



Cards Are Stacked Against Bank Robbers

Canadian banks run a calculated risk; they must have cash available, but they must take precautions against bandits

by Hal Tracey

WHAT CHANCE has a bank robber of getting away with a substantial haul of cash these days? Are banks taking as good care of their money as they should, and how could they make their valuables safer?

To find an answer, this writer made arrangements to visit a typical city branch bank, to look over its security arrangements. For obvious reasons, the name of the bank can't be disclosed. But it is in a section of Toronto where one might reasonably expect a robbery to take place.

The bank staff, from the manager down to the janitor, is keenly aware of the problem of security. They are obviously determined to exercise as much caution as is humanly possible to protect the money deposited with them. But banks have to run a calculated risk. They must have money at hand where they can easily get at it, often large sums. They must safeguard it as best they can, without interfering with the free flow of their business. They can't ask a customer to wait until they run to the vault and unlock it every time he wants a cheque cashed.

It has been suggested by some who know little or nothing about banking that banks keep only about ten or twelve thousand dollars in ready cash in their tills, and lock up the rest. But in the branch this writer visited, the manager said that $12,000 would last about five minutes on the days when pay cheques are cashed by workers from nearby manufacturing plants.

Another suggestion has been that armed guards be posted in banks. But an armed guard would be the first natural target for bank robbers, and banks don't want innocent customers or staff members cut down by stray bullets. For the same reason, bank tellers, although they have weapons nearby as a deterrent to would-be bank robbers, aren't encouraged to shoot it out with bandits, although they might try bluffing them.

RATHER, banks rely on alarm systems to tip off police. These are connected directly with the police station, and ring when the circuit is broken. They can't be turned off at the bank, and when an alarm goes off, a squad car is at the bank within a few minutes. Even when the alarm goes off accidentally, and the bank phones and tells police a mistake has been made, a squad car investigates.

Tellers hold only enough cash to keep the ordinary business running, and the surplus is put in a safe with a time lock on it. The head teller sets the lock, and only he knows at what time it will open. Once it is set, there is no way of getting into the safe until it runs down.

There are also compartments in which a smaller amount of surplus cash is kept to meet large withdrawals. These have a combination lock, and can be opened by two men, each of whom has half the combination, but cannot be opened by either of them alone.

Large cheques are cashed by the main teller, and savings tellers don't have much more than $1,500 in their tills, at most. The head teller checks at frequent intervals to see that savings tellers aren't carrying too much cash, and if it is building up too fast, he clears the extra.

Before the present system was evolved, one teller used to keep his surplus cash in the waste basket. This practice was discouraged after he forgot about it one night, and left it in the waste basket all night long.

If there is a hold-up, tellers can tip off police by pulling up a little bar near the floor with their foot. This is hidden by a counter. The manager has an alarm button in his office, and there are others spotted throughout the bank. The alarm system guarding the vault is an electric eye type, and it is the only one that can be turned off from inside the bank. That is so employees can pass in and out of the vault without turning in an alarm every time. When the vault is first opened or closed, the police are phoned, and the direct line to police headquarters is tested every morning.

Bank robbers who break into the bank at night aren't too much of a worry. They couldn't accomplish much just by getting inside the building, since a vault that is protected by about 80 tons of cement is between them and the cash, and even if they got inside the vault, there would still be a safe with a time lock to reckon with. They couldn't get into either without setting off alarms. There is also a caretaker-messenger living above the bank who would have to be reckoned with.

One fairly common hold-up technique that has been developed is to lock bank employees in the vault, but this branch bank has a vault door that is proof against such a ruse. Thick, short bars spring out at the edge of the door when the vault is opened, and it cannot be closed again without proper manipulation of the lock.

Another technique is to break into the bank building, overpower the caretaker, and to take care of each employee who comes in to work in the morning, one by one.

This branch bank has taken care to guard against this trick, too. The assistant manager checks with the caretaker by phone before leaving his house each morning. If something is wrong, they have a special code arranged so that the caretaker can warn the assistant manager in such a way that a hold-up man with a gun stuck in the caretaker's ribs wouldn't realize that the warning was being given.

In addition, employees coming in for work can see through the glass door, and unless the caretaker or someone delegated by him is sitting in plain sight waiting to let them in, they know something is wrong. If he isn't there, they phone the police immediately, without trying to enter the bank.

VALUABLES in safety deposit boxes would be safe even from hold-up men. The boxes are in "nests" which fit one on top of another, and to open them it takes two keys. One is a master preparatory key, kept by the bank, which must be inserted first. Then the customer's key can open the box. Neither key can open the box alone.

If a customer loses both the keys supplied him by the bank, the boxes must be drilled open. Actually, this happens about once a month, and a man who does nothing else but drill boxes makes

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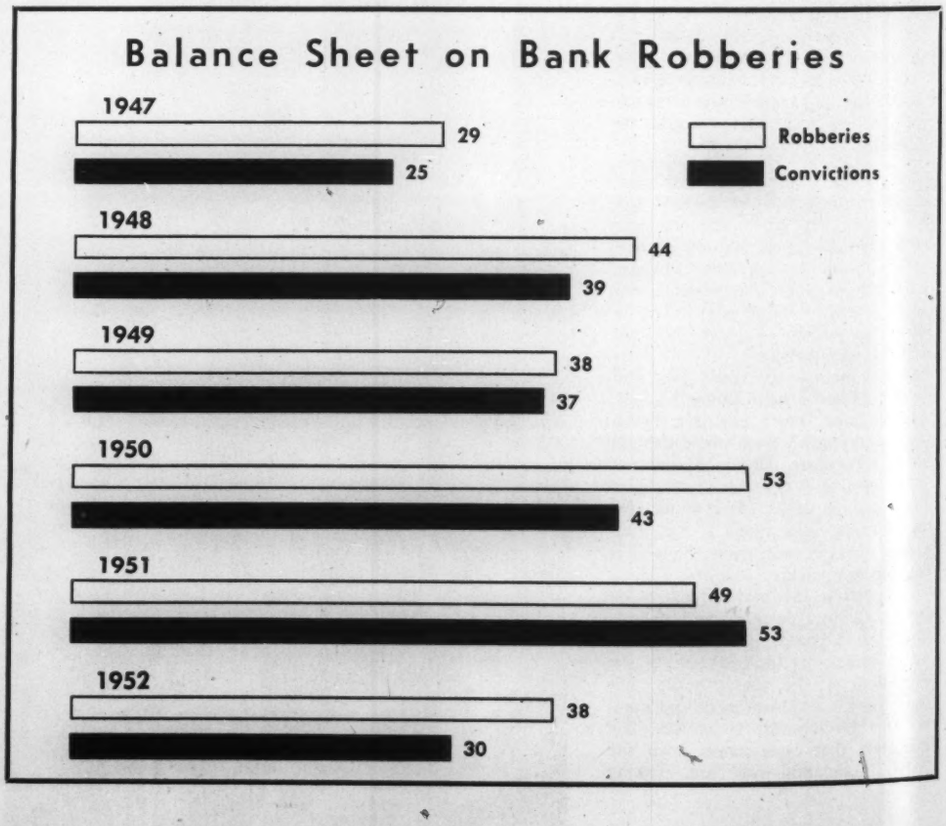

PEKING'S PRICE

How to End the Korean War?

by Willson Woodside

THE QUESTION of what to do about the Korean War became a big issue in the later stages of the U.S. election, as it was bound to do. But in spite of all the eagerness and the pressure to win the great prize of the White House, neither side put forward any convincing proposals for ending the war. That was because no one dared to suggest, before the election, the deal that would have to be made to bring a quick end to the long and costly hostilities.

Eisenhower promised to make a trip to Korea. This is not a bad idea if it achieves only as much as Field Marshal Alexander's trip did in aiding British appreciation of the problems of making war or peace in Korea. But the Democrats quite rightly asked how Ike, by his mere presence and without any new concessions, could speed the truce negotiations of Panmunjom.

Stevenson said that the right place to go for Korean peace was to Moscow. But he didn't suggest that an American President could traipse off there, hat in hand, to get it. Acheson proposed that the UN frame another resolution urging the North Koreans and Chinese Communists to accept our current proposals for exchange of prisoners-of-war and thus complete the Panmunjom truce negotiations. But everyone I met at the UN looked on this as merely "for the record"; they had no hope that it would achieve anything.

Does this, then, leave us with only the old alternatives of getting out of Korea and letting the Communists take it over, continuing the present holding operation with its remorseless price in casualties, or putting on a big win-the-war drive, with far higher casualties and all the risk of touching off World War III or being bogged down in a vaster "Korea" in China?

Within Korea itself there probably are no other alternatives; certainly none have been discoverable during the past 22 months. *It has been clear for at least that long that the Korean War could only be settled through broad political negotiations with Communist China.* No truce is going to be signed at Panmunjom without an undertaking to enter into such talks.

PEKING'S PRICE is perfectly well known. The late Administration in Washington didn't dare even suggest in public, before the elections, that we could talk it over with them. It is not at all sure that the new Administration dares admit this, either. If the Chinese Communists have been able to make most of Asia believe that we have been suing for peace at Panmunjom all this time, they would easily win credence for the story that the United States now was ready to make a Far Eastern settlement recognizing the dominant position of Communist China.

Nothing less than such recognition is the aim of Chinese Communist policy. It has been understood ever since 1950 that they would insist on the withdrawal of American support for the Nationalist régime on Formosa, the extension of American diplomatic recognition to Peking (though negotiation would in itself imply recognition), and admission to the UN. It is plain from the tenor of the recent "Asian Peace Congress" in Peking, which had much more to do with supporting Red China's policies in Asia than with the promotion of anything we would recognize as peace, that the abrogation of the American alliance with Japan would also be demanded.

The "Japan problem", meaning the restoration of Japanese strength and the Japanese position in East Asia in alliance with the United States, was at the top of the Peace Congress agenda. The outpourings of leading Chinese Reds over Peking Radio during the past year leave no doubt that *they* intend to be the dominant power in Asia. This ambition is the key to their stalling tactics in Korea.

A STATE OF WAR allows them to tighten their grip on their people and speed the revolution in a way which would be impossible otherwise. And if the war makes them more dependent on Russia, for arms and economic aid, it also allows them to blackmail Russia into providing such aid in far greater quantities than would otherwise be forthcoming. The war in Korea, which Russia apparently favors as a means of tying down and bleeding Western strength in Asia and perpetuating the distrust of the Asian peoples for the former imperialist powers, allows Red China to build, arm and battle-harden a modern army such as she never had before.

For the Americans to enter into negotiations with Peking on the well-known agenda of Chinese Communist demands would raise the cry: "Far Eastern Munich!" There can be no doubt from what General Romulo of the Philippines said in Toronto recently that the effect on the confidence of all the remaining free Asians, from Japan around to Burma, would be disastrous. Much of this area was perhaps saved from Communist domination by the U.S.-U.N. stand in Korea, but in the time gained the situation has merely been improved; it has not yet been consolidated. To make a deal now which would leave the Chinese Reds sitting pretty would nullify most of our effort in Korea.

Besides, who is to believe that if a full settlement were negotiated with Mao Tse-tung on the Far East he would keep his end of it any more than Stalin kept his Yalta promises? All our experience leads one to believe that any concessions made by our side would be regarded by the other as a springboard for further advance.

It is almost certain that there will be no such settlement of the Korean War through a far-reaching deal with Peking. Unpopular as the war is, the Americans just can't pull out, which would mean handing East Asia to the Chinese Reds without a deal. That leaves the alternatives of continuing the holding action or mounting a great and presumably decisive offensive, including the bombing and blockading of China, which would force the enemy to make peace on our terms.

IT IS HARD to sell a democracy, especially an impatient one like the U.S., on the idea of fighting a war just to gain time. If this is to be done, at least the American people must be convinced that time *is* being gained. Many statements by the highest U.S. military leaders in recent months on the use the Chinese have made of the truce lull to build up their strength and modernize their army and air force have spread doubt as to this.

In a dispatch the other day the experienced *New York Herald-Tribune* correspondent Marguerite Higgins asserts that time is working for the enemy and "whatever victory in Korea would cost today, it will cost twice as much tomorrow."

"The risks involved in seeking a military decision—a decision that would decisively set back

CANADIAN ARMOR IN KOREA: Tanks of B Company, Lord Strathcona's Horse, coming out of the line.
—National Defence

the Communists — seem less to the officials out here than the risks of fighting indefinitely a war of attrition in which time works for your enemy." She reminds us of Mao's words: "For the capitalist world a ten-year war may seem a disaster, but for us it is only the beginning."

However, "Our military leaders are confident that we can defeat the Reds in Korea if the United States chooses to buckle down to the problem." Needless to say, if this course is decided upon, Canada and other UN partners in Korea can expect to be called upon for a greater contribution.

And the other side, what does their latest offensive mean? Is it the beginning of a general offensive, using all their new power? It looks like more of a political effort, coupled with the attempt by the Soviet bloc in the UN to move the peace talks into that body, for all the dissension that they believe could be stirred up—not least between the American public and the UN, which it regards as "half-hearted" in its support of the Korean action.

P. O'D

Guards without Guns

ORGANIZED THEFT on a large scale is still fortunately rare in this country. But recently there has been a really bad outbreak of it, especially in the robbing of mail-cars, and the public has been thoroughly aroused by the success of the thieves. In a recent coup more than £200,000 was taken from one truck, all in the extremely negotiable form of used one-pound notes. Even in the United States this would be considered a large-scale operation, well planned, and resolutely carried out.

Naturally, there have been demands that something should be done at once—but what? The simplest and most obvious remedy would be to put armed guards on those vans at least which carry especially valuable loads. But there is a profound British dislike of the use of arms for such protective purposes. If the guards carry arms there is nothing to prevent the raiders carrying them too; and the idea of the two sides shooting it out in a London street is not one that appeals to the British public anywhere else than on a cinema screen.

At the same time, it must be admitted that there is an astonishing laxity about safeguarding even the most valuable cargoes. Drivers and guards of trucks carrying the most tempting loads apparently think nothing of parking them by the side of the road while they go in and have a cup of tea. One driver of a looted truck recently even dropped into a cinema during his lunch hour.

That much can and will be done to tighten up security arrangements is certain. The old easy-going British attitude is no longer possible in the midst of a constantly growing criminal population, among whom are so many clever, determined, and entirely ruthless men.

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PORTS OF CALL

Polynesian "Stepping Stones"

by Stewart Fern

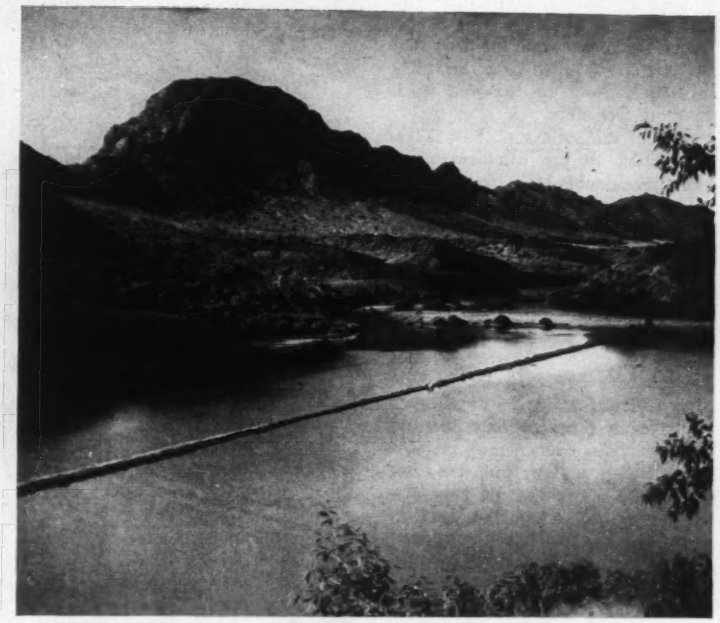
HAWAII in 1952 has become a mid-Pacific playground of more than 6,000 square miles of tropic valleys, mountains, fern jungles and volcano parks, and more than 800 miles of coastline.

Not one but five Hawaiian islands offer resorts this year, and visitors now can travel among them by 100 scheduled plane flights daily. Each of the islands has individuality in scenery, legend and history, yet none is more than an hour's air hop from its neighbor. At one end of the short series of Polynesian "stepping stones" is Kauai. Next is Oahu, then Molokai, Maui and the "Big Island", Hawaii.

Resort areas are spread throughout the tropic chain and by island-hopping the traveler with even a short vacation may relax in several recreation centres. An all-island vacation nets a wide variety of scenic beauty and a vivid collection of Hawaiian lore. All beach resorts feature the outdoor life of surf and sun the year around, the game fish are plentiful in the deep waters off half a dozen coasts.

Inter-island plane rates all are under $20, before taxes. The longest hop, Kauai to Hilo, Hawaii is $18.50. From Honolulu, on Oahu, to Kauai is 50 minutes, $8.50; Honolulu to Molokai, 35 minutes, $6.50; Honolulu to Maui, 55 minutes, $8.50; Honolulu to the Kona (southwestern) coast of Hawaii, 75 minutes, $11.50 and Honolulu to Hilo, Hawaii, 90 minutes, $13.50. Half-fare family plans allow even more economical travel on certain week-days.

Hawaiian vacations begin with the Island of Oahu, where Honolulu harbor and the vast international airport are ports of call for trans-oceanic liners and stratocruisers. From Oahu DC-3's take off on local hops to the west, the east, the northeast and southeast, carrying inter-island commuters and travelers to landing fields scattered along the island chain. For the more leisurely and sportive traveler, freighters with neighbor island ports churn through the channels with passengers as well as cargo.



ANCIENT FISHPONDS ON KAUAI THE "GARDEN ISLE"

"Big Island", Hawaii, is scenically the most versatile of the group. Its beauties range from lush tree fern forests, where fronds tower 30 feet above the ground, to snow-capped live volcanoes. Hawaii has three passenger-plane airports.

Maui, with two airports, is a "double island", a plain across an isthmus separating two mountain areas. Top scenic and historic attractions are Iao Valley, in west Maui, where ancient chiefs battled for island supremacy; nearby Lahaina, original capital of the Hawaiian kingdom and for many years headquarters of the Pacific whaling fleets, and Haleakala, one of the world's largest dormant craters, in east Maui.

Hawaii's greenest island is Kauai, the "Garden Isle". Planes to Kauai land at Lihue, from which highways stretch in either direction along the coast. A road cuts inland to Waimea Canyon, the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific", smaller but more colorful than the original. Kauai, with tropic waterfalls and pools, has both fresh water and salt-water swimming.

On all islands, full resort facilities such as bus, taxi and U-drive cars are available; water is pure, and excellent dining rooms are maintained. Charter boats and fishing and hunting guides may be obtained through hotels and travel agents. Dozens of "package tours" may be taken at any time of the year, with arrangements made either in Canada or in Honolulu.

Oahu life is an evenly-balanced country-city life. Outside of Honolulu, homes of the Waikiki resort area, stretch pineapple and sugar-cane fields; steep, green-covered mountains and mile after mile of beach or craggy coast. Within the city of many races are modern restaurants and night-clubs, museums and art galleries, shops with native craftwork and imported silks and jewels of the Orient.

Mild and free from uncomfortable extremes, the climate of the Islands is sub-tropic. Cool trade winds are almost constant, making comfortable the sunniest days of any month. Average temperature is 75 degrees.

—Photos courtesy Hawaii Visitors Bureau

THE WORLD KNOWS THE GLAMOUR OF WAIKIKI BEACH

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SM-52-BL

Canadian Bank Robberies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

the rounds of the various branches.

Money is moved to the branch bank from the main bank downtown by Brink's Express Company. The bank knows the day, but not the exact hours the company will deliver, and the deliveries are made at different hours each week.

Only one company in the vicinity of the branch bank has its payroll transported by Brink's. Most of the others in the neighborhood send two bookkeepers to collect their payrolls, one to act as a guard, and they try to come at irregular hours, too. The one using the Brink's service is just around the corner from the bank, but the payroll was lifted once, and they have been using the armored truck transport ever since.

Four of the bank staff have keys, in addition to the caretaker. The doors have double locks, so that anyone coming in must be let in by someone already inside the bank, although they can leave on their own.

MANY COMPANIES pay by cheque now, which distributes the risk more. But there are difficulties in this. Usually it is too late for workers to get their cheques cashed, and they may have difficulty if they are unknown at the nearest branch and have no identification. Paying into employees' accounts at the bank, as some firms do, is also counted a good system by bankers, although it isn't always feasible with large companies.

Quebec and Ontario have the majority of bank robberies. Some provinces have had none for the last five years; Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, for instance. New Brunswick has been free of robberies for the last four years. Newfoundland has had three in the last five years, Alberta four and Manitoba and Saskatchewan two each. British Columbia has had 30. Quebec is well in the lead with 126, while there have been 81 in Ontario.

The Canadian Bankers' Association has paid out $330,903 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of bank robbers since 1924, and $121,495 in rewards, gratuities and payments to the widows of policemen who lost their lives in bank hold-ups or in the search for bank robbers.

As an example of payments made in the latter category, a $25 per month pension for life is being paid Mrs. Edmund Tong of Toronto, and a mortgage of $959 was redeemed.

With bank robberies using new techniques all the time, bank staffs must be always on their toes to keep up with them, or preferably a jump ahead of them. They can't cover every possibility, but at the branch this writer visited, they have every foreseeable avenue of approach well covered, and are running the minimum possible risk.

—Butterfield in The Vancouver Province

SPOILING THE PICTURE

POSTSCRIPT

The Incredible Bank

THE THEME underlying Mr. Gillett's article "The Bank: Reservoir and Pump" (Aug. 30) is curiously similar to that of the intoxicated American whose remarks in Dawson City at the turn of the century have gone down in banking history. He stood in the mud outside the wooden one-storey building which had a Canadian Bank of Commerce sign on its face and shouted his disbelief that such a mean and miserable edifice could possess $50 million in paid up capital, as the sign also asserted, and that he, for one would have to see it to believe it. He expressed his skepticism with a brick.

Mr. Gillett, 60 years later, is mildly annoyed that so few Canadians realize the full extent of their banking facilities but in true Presidential fashion he is reluctant to employ either hard words or bricks in his exposition.

Surely one of the most incredible institutions on this continent is that very bank. Here remains the last civilized outpost in an otherwise sordid commercial existence, where advice is free and sound, not only on financial matters but, on subjects wholly irrelevant to banking. Nowhere is so much offered and so much given for so little: the advisability of making a will, and the whereabouts of a good lawyer to draw it up, the merits and demerits of joint ownership of funds and securities, partnership information, sympathetic assistance in the clearing up of estates and the papers necessary for its release, the free transfer of funds from one coast to another, gratuitous clipping of coupons, and general security assistance, the collection of notes and drafts, hundreds and thousands of small but important services, some related and others entirely unrelated to the sphere of banking, these are what makes the Canadian Banking system friendly and profitable institution with which to do business. . .

Toronto, Ont. ROBERT S. JOHNSTON

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SCHOOL IN AKLAVIK

Readin', Writin' and Trappin'

by Phyllis Taylor

TEACHING is always an adventure, professionally, but teaching the children of Aklavik at All Saints Anglican Mission School, is an adventure from every point of view.

First of all, what of the students? Every one in my class of 32 was ready to learn if given the opportunity. Many of them were older than the age range expected in the same grade outside, but this was not because of mental dullness. There was always the ogre of TB to be considered: nearly all the children in the class had spent at least a year in hospital and were consequently retarded. Then there was the language difficulty: when they started school they had to learn English as well as learning to read and write it. And finally, some of the Eskimo children could not be brought to school until they were 10 or 11 years old, because of the isolation of their homes.

Before November—almost a month after my arrival—I experienced the thrill of seeing dog teams drawing the sleds. I had looked forward to this for months. On the night I came to Aklavik I had gone upstairs after supper to talk to the little girls in the dormitory. I sat on one of the beds and said, "Have you any Huskies? I am longing to see the Huskies."

A moment of surprised silence, and then a voice at my elbow piped up, "I, Husky!" and half a dozen little girls in flannelette nightgowns scrambled out of bed and ran down the room, saying eagerly, "I, Husky! I Husky!" I learned that the word, Eskimo, means, Husky people, and they refer to themselves as Huskies.

THE SLED dogs are fastened by short chains to stakes among the willows or on the river bank, and in the summer time, when the Eskimos are in town to sell their furs, there are three or four hundred dogs around town. Their howling in chorus is a true "Symphony of the North". One dog will start, with a sustained note of fairly high pitch. And then his neighbors, near and far, join in a cacophony of altos and basses and tenors and trebles, punctuated by staccato barks, until suddenly it all stops, the sound cut off as if with a knife. Summer is not a happy time for the dogs. Lightly fed (since they are not working) and plagued by the mosquitoes, they lie panting on the river bank. In winter they are riotous with excitement when the harness is brought out and at the word they leap off and stream over the ice as if rejoicing to be on the trail.

Our five dogs, cared for by older boys, were more or less pets, but working sled dogs are animals of uncertain temperament. Many of them have some wolf in them and, always hungry, they constitute a danger to children when running loose. So by law they must be staked.

I wondered where the teams could be going, passing and repassing the school windows to cross the frozen river. I soon learned that they were headed for the scattered winter camps, where the men hunt and fish to provide food for their families.

In mid-January two of the Mission workers—Jim, who is a deacon and takes the Indian services in the cathedral, and Thomas, an older man—went out to get meat for their families. There were six toboggans in the party and more than 30 dogs. The weather had been comparatively mild, with temperatures around 20 below zero. The equipment that is taken on these expeditions includes oil stoves and tents and a substantial supply of dog food in the form of dried and frozen fish. A man can go for several days without food if he is in good condition, but the dogs, pulling a loaded toboggan 30 or 40 miles a day, must be fed.

Thomas and a young fellow became separated from the main party; they had to go further and further afield, until at last they came across caribou 150 miles from Aklavik. They shot five animals, and soon set out for home. But then the weather changed. Temperatures dropped to 55 below, and stayed there. Next roaming dogs, or wolves, found the cache of dog

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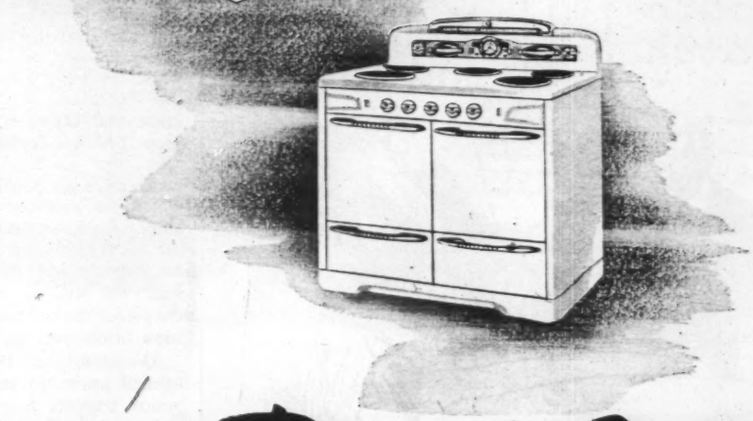

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food and devoured it. Thomas had to cut up two of the caribou for dog food, and jettison the other three to lighten the load. After about ten days Jim returned without Thomas, and by the end of the second week we were getting anxious. He arrived at last, his brown face creased into the usual broad smile, in spite of the black circles of his frozen cheeks.

IN THE two Mission Schools, since all the pupils are natives, it is important that the native skills should be preserved and so "Trapping" appears as a subject on the curriculum. (How refreshing to take a subject in which the children can instruct the teacher!)

The season for trapping muskrat opens on March 1, so as soon afterwards as the weather is reasonably warm the older pupils go out in groups and set their traps on the lakes allotted to the school. The first day is eagerly anticipated; after dinner the parties set off, equipped with axes and scoops and traps. On the lake, the girls pair off and start walking in different directions through the untrodden snow, while the boys whistle past us with the dog team. A girl drops to her knees and begins scraping away the snow. She has found a "push-up" or "rat-camp"—a mound of snow under which there is a hole in the ice through which the muskrat comes up to sit and eat his water weed. The girl scoops out the frozen weed and the lumps of ice, sets her trap on the shelf of ice where he will sit, carefully replaces the pieces she has taken out and packs snow firmly over the hole again.

The next day the push-ups are opened again, to see what luck the young trappers have had. If newly-caught, the little animal will be still alive; more often it is frozen to death. This is a cruelty which no one enjoys, but the outsider who campaigns against the wearing of furs obtained by trapping does not realize that if the trapping is stopped the *people* will starve. In the Mackenzie Delta area there are over 300 native families whose sole source of income is from the sale of the fur they trap.

BESIDES the Anglican and the Roman Catholic Mission Schools, each accommodating about 100 children, there is also a government Day School in Aklavik, to cater for the white children whose families are more or less resident. This is a beautiful modern building with fluorescent lighting, oil burners, polished linoleum on the floors and indoor chemical toilets. The aims and ideals of the educational system are parallel with those of the Alberta Department of Education, but there is as yet no set curriculum for the school. In planning this, account has to be taken of the necessity for the white child—whose parents will be returning to civilization after a year or two—to be equipped for reaching the educational standards "outside" and at the same time to cater to the Indian or Eskimo.

Life in this north presents, from all angles, a challenge to the resourceful teacher. It also demands a sense of dedication, not merely to a cause, but to the people, and especially to the children.

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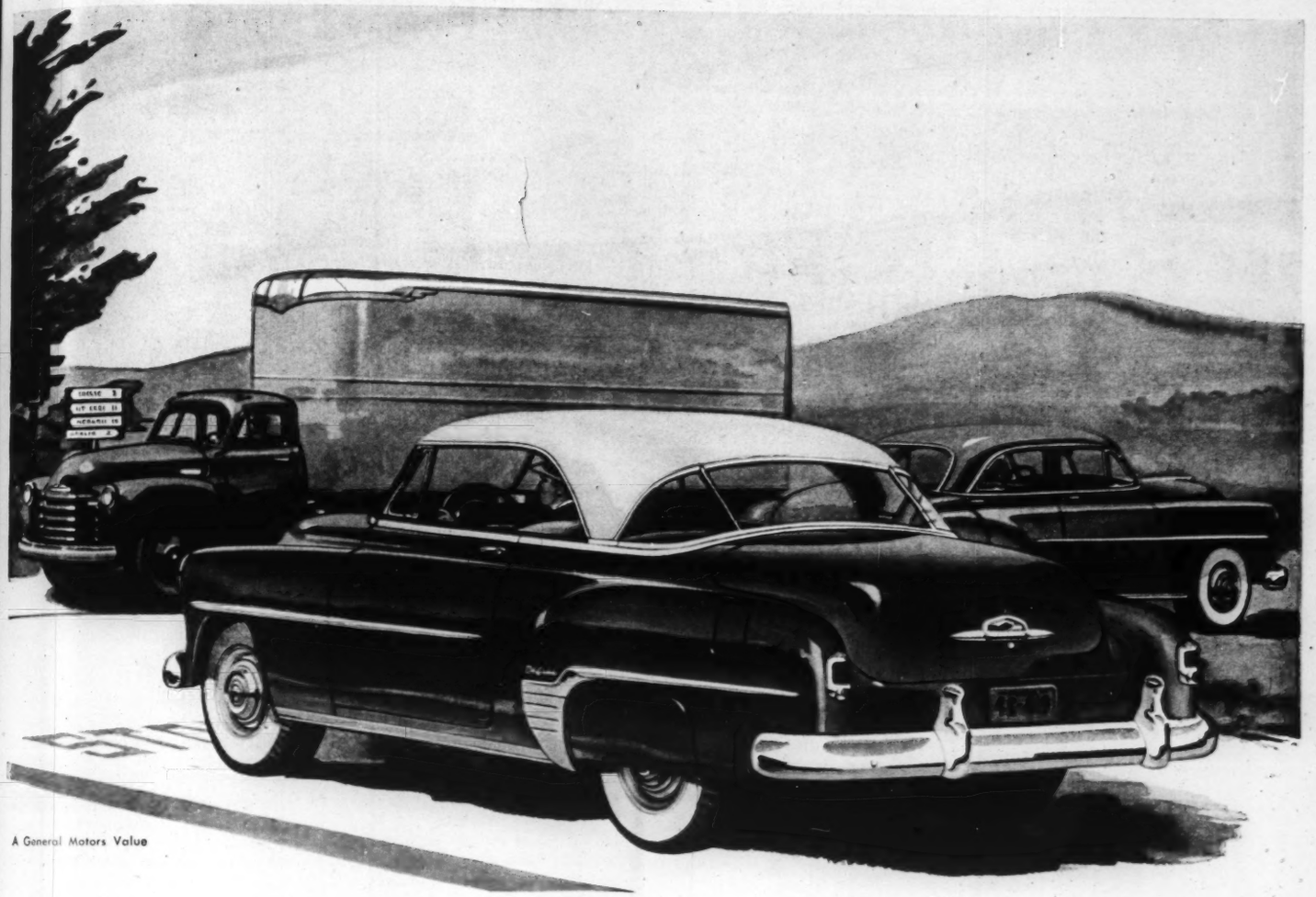

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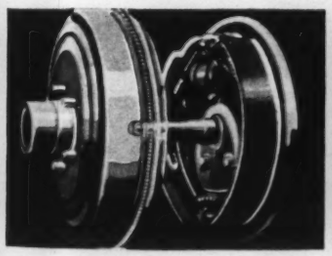

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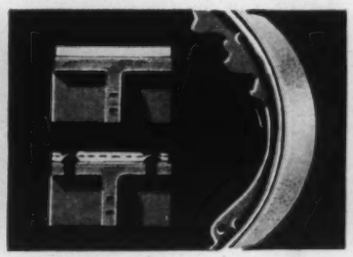

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The Happy Finance Minister

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ebullient. His disposition is sociable, cheerful and uninhibited. But to have maintained this disposition through all the harassments of six years as Finance Minister must be reckoned an achievement. I don't think it could have been done without conscious care.

Abbott makes it a point to "sit easy": this means lounging, generally with his feet on the desk, in as relaxed a position as a chair allows. He lets himself sleep often and long. He practically never takes work home with him in the evenings. He happily goes to bed at ten o'clock or nine o'clock, and reads or dozes for an hour or two before sleeping seriously. He reads voraciously and very quickly.

He used to be keen on golf and curling, but golf has been one of the sacrifices since he came to Ottawa and curling is reduced to one annual bonspiel at the Seignory Club. But nothing has been allowed to interfere with his fishing. He is a good fly fisherman and very keen. He pays annual visits to two or three fishing clubs; besides keeping two or three regular dates with salmon. He merrily clears off into the wilderness far beyond the reach of a telephone. More than once he has done it when the budget preparations were in their latest stages. At camp he goes to bed early and gets up early. He fishes earnestly. He never talks shop. He whistles or chatters continuously.

His officials are sometimes annoyed, as Ilsley used to be, at these periodic retirements from weighty and critical affairs of state. But when he comes back, he arrives fresh and brisk and decisive. There is probably less nervous strain and less overwork in the Department of Finance than there has ever been. More may be left to the officials, but they have definite, firm decisions to work on. It is rarely that they are left in a vacuum while the Minister tries to make up his mind; rarer still that their work is upset by his changes of mind.

THE deliberate relaxation, day by day, when he is at home and for longer when he goes away, helps to keep Abbott equable in circumstances which would drive most men into irritability. He is very rarely edgy with his subordinates. One of the things which makes him tense—he is aware of it, and dislikes it—is to get behind with his interviews. It bothers him to think of people sitting outside waiting to see him. So his secretary, Doris Bentley, tries to arrange his interviews with an adequate margin between them. And having done so, she finds that visitors move through his office phenomenally fast.

He is not curt with them, but he never needs a web of extraneous chat to muffle the subject. The visitor states his case, and people making a case to Abbott usually do it as briskly as they are capable of doing. He gives them his answer. It's all over in a few minutes.

In his conduct of the department Abbott relies on his ability to delegate, his assessment of men (on which he is dead sure of himself), and that mysterious vital gift which is called judgment.

He is lucky to have a very able staff, built up by his Deputy Minister, Dr. Clifford Clark. He delegates to them freely. Details, like fools, he suffers with difficulty. He never interferes with the wording of letters prepared for his signature. He prefers to be briefed on difficult subjects verbally by an official he trusts. If he has to read the papers in the case, he reads them at astonishing speed. He is unusually quick to grasp a point and unusually retentive to remember it.

MOST days Clifford Clark, the Deputy Minister, has a session with him in the morning. He sees Graham Towers, the Governor of the Bank of Canada, as often as occasion requires. These are his two chief advisers; but he also deals directly with the three assistant deputy ministers on their special fields: Kenneth Taylor on general questions, Kenneth Eaton on taxation, Bob Bryce on expenditures. John Deutsch also reports direct on international developments. Any or all of these will help with speeches.

So technical and complicated are the problems of modern government finance that a minister is apt to be regarded as the slave of his official advisers. Abbott is so less than most men would be. He has a happy confidence in his own judgment. He is by no means overawed by experts. He has a profound belief in the collective wisdom of the mass of electorate, and no use at all for the idea that a small group of élite brain-trusters should rule them for their good. The furthest he will go in acknowledging the claims of theoretical economics against the natural—and sometimes short-sighted—inclinations of the people is to say that in certain circumstances he is prepared to buck the tide of popular opinion—for a time. But he will only do it if he expects public opinion to come round to his side after a fairly short time. The record also suggests that he doesn't believe in bucking the electorate the year after leap-year, when elections are in the offing.

SOME of Abbott's principal advisors were dead against the old-age pension legislation of 1951. They thought it was a new inflationary factor in an already inflationary period. Abbott shared these misgivings. But he also reflected that the pension would help out those who had been most hurt by inflation. He did not oppose the legislation in Cabinet, and he told his reluctant advisors that there was no point in opposing the inevitable.

If Abbott is not overawed by experts, he is even less awed by his Cabinet colleagues or external pressure groups. A Finance Minister has to spend a lot of time saying "No".

"There's no problem about that", says Abbott. "The only problem is to

make sure you say 'no' to the right things".

His chief difficulty—and this is an outside observation only—is that he likes people and likes to get along with them. He thinks this Cabinet works more like a team than some others. If he does let his colleagues get away with things they shouldn't have, they're mostly small things that don't seem worth a fight, or details that he will not bring himself to fret about.

Treasury Board, the Cabinet committee which has to control expenditures, is the most irksome part of his job. All its work is detailed. It now has to meet two afternoons a week, and often lasts two or three hours. Abbott does not try to go to all the meetings. When he does go, he tries to keep his attention on the endless procession of boring details. But he doesn't like it.

It's easy to say "There's no problem about saying 'No'." But it takes courage. With the exception of C. D. Howe, no other minister has said "no" so often or so bluntly to so many powerful groups of Canadians. He stood up in the House of Commons unexpectedly one afternoon last summer and read out the "campaign literature" prepared by a public relations consultant for a coast-to-coast lobby in favor of tax reductions on automobiles. He made a scathing attack on lobbies and pressure-groups.

"The Finance Minister," he said, "is particularly allergic to both pressure and pressure-groups. I welcome, I invite, representations by individual taxpayers or groups of taxpayers. But I strongly object to these tactics, which I am afraid have been common in other jurisdictions but in my experience have not been known here until recently."

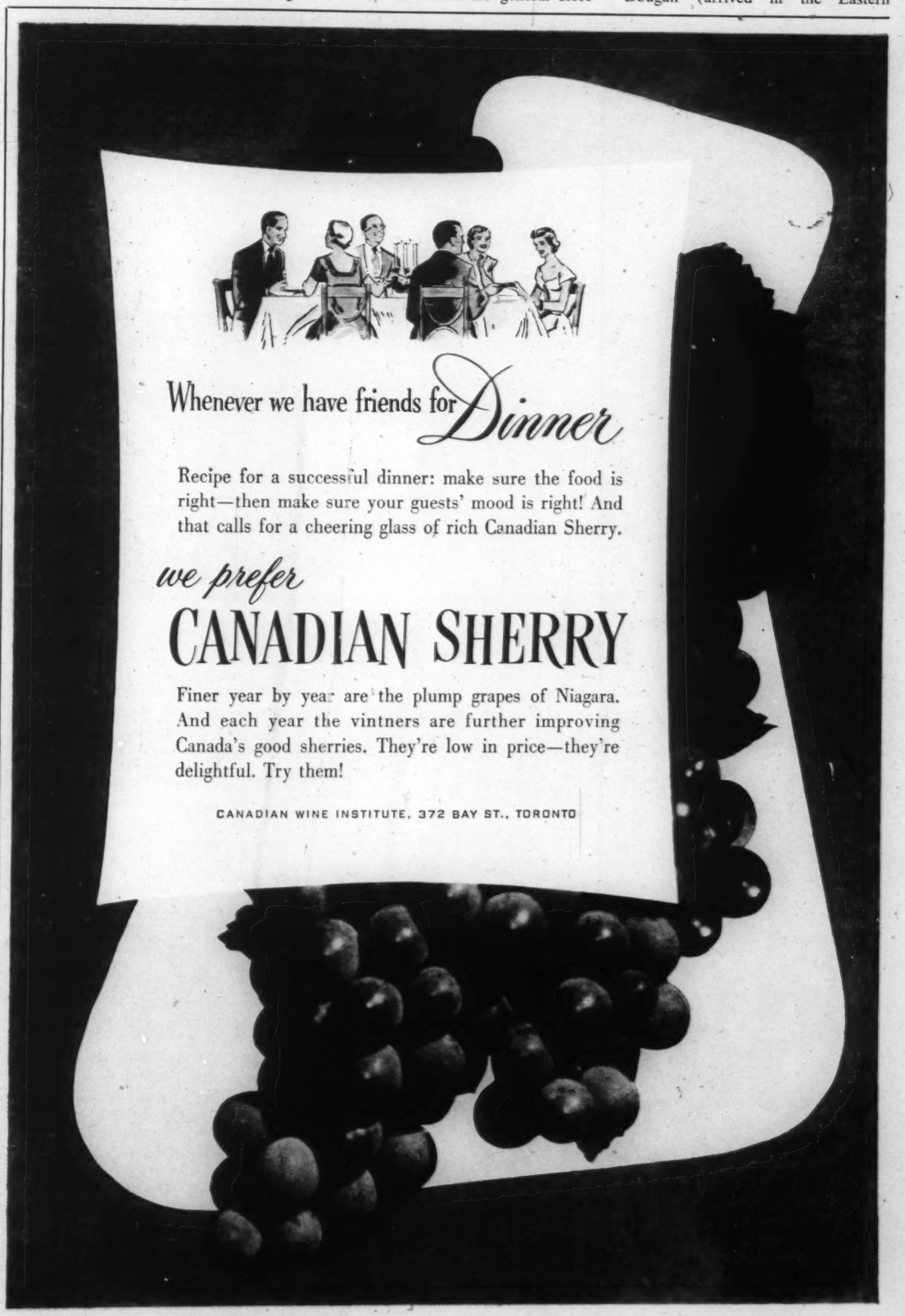
This revulsion against pressure goes deep. Abbott once received in his office a large delegation from a national association which is very influential right across Canada. They were asking for a particular tax reduction. One of their speakers started out: "Mr. Minister, this is the third time we have asked . . ." Abbott sat up in his chair, leant forward over his desk. "Let me interrupt for a minute," he said. "If I am to take it that there is any kind of threat implied here, let me tell you at once that I don't like threats." He slapped the desk. "I'm a hard man to fight with." He told them very firmly and very clearly just where they had better stop. Then he relaxed again, and waved them on, his usual friendly grin back on his face.

One reason why Doug Abbott never manages to be pompous is that he begins to feel foolish the moment he verges on the sententious. If an unwarned official tries to put sententious passages into his speeches, they'll be taken out. If the drafters of the budget speech try to lead him into any general statement of political philosophy, he'll smile boyishly and say: "No. That's for the Prime Minister, not for me." If, for any reason, Abbott does find himself making high-sounding declarations, the chances are that his facial expression will ruin them by showing that he's laughing at himself.

There is something endearing—and everyone who comes in contact with Abbott feels it—about his natural and essentially normal practicality. But it is also a limitation. Abbott's mind is a first rate working-tool, quick and sharp. It is not a profound intellect. His level is the highest level of common-sense; he doesn't try to penetrate to fundamental principles. He himself describes his political approach as being mostly pragmatic.

It springs more from his own family background than from any philosophic broodings. The Abbott side of the family were New England Congregationalists: Doug and his one sister are the ninth generation of North American Abbotts. They were merchants and farmers and ministers. In the early 19th century, his great-grandfather moved over the line to Lennoxville in the eastern townships, where Doug's grandfather, Ephraim Abbott, established the general store of E. W. Abbott and Sons with the then up-to-date slogan "Everything from a needle to an anchor." Ephraim, a Liberal, was appointed post-master of Lennoxville by a relative, then Conservative MP. Doug characteristically says: "It was nepotism rather than party patronage."

On his mother's side, Doug Abbott is a mixture of English Pearce (his grandfather was a young settler brought out by the British-American Land Company) and Scottish McDougall (arrived in the Eastern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Townships as United Empire Loyalists). "Which," says Abbott, "makes me about as Canadian as you can get."

The Abbott uncles, and particularly Uncle William who succeeded Ephraim as postmaster, were a very influential factor in Doug's childhood, because his father died in Montreal when he was six. His mother went back to Lennoxville, and resumed teaching school. Doug sat in her class at High School. She also died young just after Doug came back from the First World War.

She must have been a wonderful woman. Doug won a scholarship to Bishop's College when he was still 16, and he started there in the fall of 1915. When he had completed his first year, still 16, he lied about his age and joined the first McGill Siege Battery. (Brooke Claxton joined the *second* McGill Battery — a point of seniority which Doug Abbott claims in a genial way.) His mother raised no objection to his volunteering so young. At the time Doug found nothing remarkable about this. It was only later that he fully appreciated the character which was able to see that he would only be happy with the group of his friends, young as he was. He was in action in France before he was 18.

His mother died soon after he came back from overseas, a very recently commissioned second lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. In the same year he met Mary Chisholm. They recently celebrated their 27th wedding anniversary. She is a sister of John Chisholm, QC, who was a classmate of Abbott's in the McGill law class of 1921. When he first met her she had the mumps.

After finishing at McGill, Doug Abbott went for a year to the University of Dijon in France, partly to study Roman law but chiefly to perfect his French. He became a partner in the old Montreal law firm where he had studied, and when the Second World War started he was just beginning to collect the really profitable retainers. He was lecturing at McGill in civil procedure while Claxton lectured in insurance. He was on the council of the Montreal Board of Trade. He was becoming known in St. James Street as a man with a future. In this period he played golf seriously.

He was doing some political work in what seems to have been rather a dilettante way. He was a convinced Liberal, made the odd speech, and in the 1935 election ran the transport arrangements for A. K. Hugesson, now Senator.

At the next elections in 1940, the Liberals asked him to take the nomination for St. Antointe-Westmount. It seemed a hopeless proposition. At 40 he would be standing against the veteran Conservative, Bob White, who was beloved by all and held a riding which had never been Liberal. Partly because it was such a hopeless proposition, Abbott took the nomination. It was wartime and this looked like public service. It was one of the things you should do for a party if you believed in the party. It would be an interesting experience, it might even prove useful to have been an unsuccessful Liberal candidate. If he had thought he could win, Abbott would have hesitated longer.

But he did win, and he found himself at Ottawa, a back-bench member who—it turned out—was very early marked for promotion.

Public life is like this. Once a man is in, he is apt to be swept along by the tide. Today again Abbott could refuse to fight another election. If he retired after the next session he could go back to Montreal and practice law. His partners and his family would be delighted. He would easily earn $40,000 to $50,000 a year, instead of having to live carefully on a ministerial salary of $10,000 plus a $2,000 car allowance. Abbott's income today—net after the taxes which he imposes and pays—is less than it was in 1935. If he gave up public life he could be relatively a rich man.

Yet he cannot do it. To retire now, while St. Laurent carries the burden of another election, would be a shabby trick. Once a man is in public life, particularly if he is successful, *noblesse oblige*. He can't run away. And, in one sense, few of them want to. It is a difficult grind. It is, financially, a dead loss. But it breeds a loyalty to colleagues and a devotion to public ends; it provides an excitement and a kind of fun which is difficult to give up. The mixture of loyalty and excitement triumphs in nine cases out of ten over the financial rewards of private life.

For Abbott, as for several others, there is also the mixed dread and attraction of the possibility of succeeding St. Laurent. To be Prime Minister is something that only an exceptional man can refuse, and only an exceptional man can ardently seek. In some respects Abbott would be a better Prime Minister than many of his colleagues. He would be a much better executive than most of them, and he cannot help knowing it. But the qualities which make him a good Finance Minister—if you'll go with me there—might make him a bad Prime Minister.

The lack of ambition which enables him to say "no" with a grand fearlessness might be fatal in a Prime Minister. The very pragmatism which may be invaluable in the decisions of a Finance Minister might be disastrous in a Prime Minister. The limitation of Abbott's range of thought, the failure to enunciate (or worry about) first principles, would be much more marked in a Prime Minister than in a Finance Minister.

Now he may safely fall back on the inheritance of his merchandising forefathers and his ancestral roots in a New England village, and say that he is against "protection in all its forms." As Prime Minister, Canada would expect from him a clearer set of principles.

Abbott might rise to it. He might start to order and enunciate principles which are deeply imbedded in him, but which he barely recognizes now. If he wanted the job enough, he would have done this before now.

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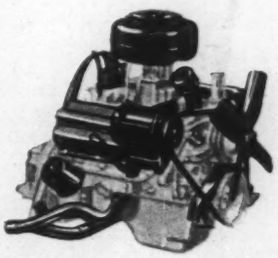

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STOPPING OFF POINT

Cocos Islands – Air Link

by David de Krassel

THE FIRST I saw of the Cocos Islands, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, half-way between Colombo, Ceylon and Fremantle, Australia, was their thick tropical vegetation shimmering in the heat haze over the horizon.

The modern history of the Keeling-Cocos atoll, which consists of some 24 named islands of varying size, began about 1827, when John Clunies-Ross—a great-great-grandfather of the present "King" settled there with his family and Malay servants. At that time the islands were completely uninhabited.

In 1854, Clunies-Ross I died and was succeeded by his son John George who married S'Pia Dupong, a Malay lady of Royal Sulu blood. In 1857 the islands were formally annexed to Great Britain, and Ross was appointed Governor.

Though several members of the "reigning" Clunies-Ross family married Malay ladies, they always retained their close link with the homeland, and most of them—throughout the generations—were sent home to the U.K. for their education.

The year 1901 was a milestone in the history of the Cocos Islands. A violent cyclone swept away 8,000 coconut trees—almost the entire wealth of the islands. But Scottish tenacity and the personal courage of the Clunies-Ross family, which set a brave example to the other islanders, soon enabled the settlement to recover.

In the same year the former seclusion of the islands was broken more or less permanently by the coming of the cable and its attendant staff. Today the cables from the Cocos group run to Perth in Western Australia, to Mauritius and to Java. A small staff of Europeans is permanently maintained on the islands by Cable and Wireless Ltd.

Though far from the busy strife of the world the cable and wireless station, which is an important link in world communications, has been an enemy target in two wars.

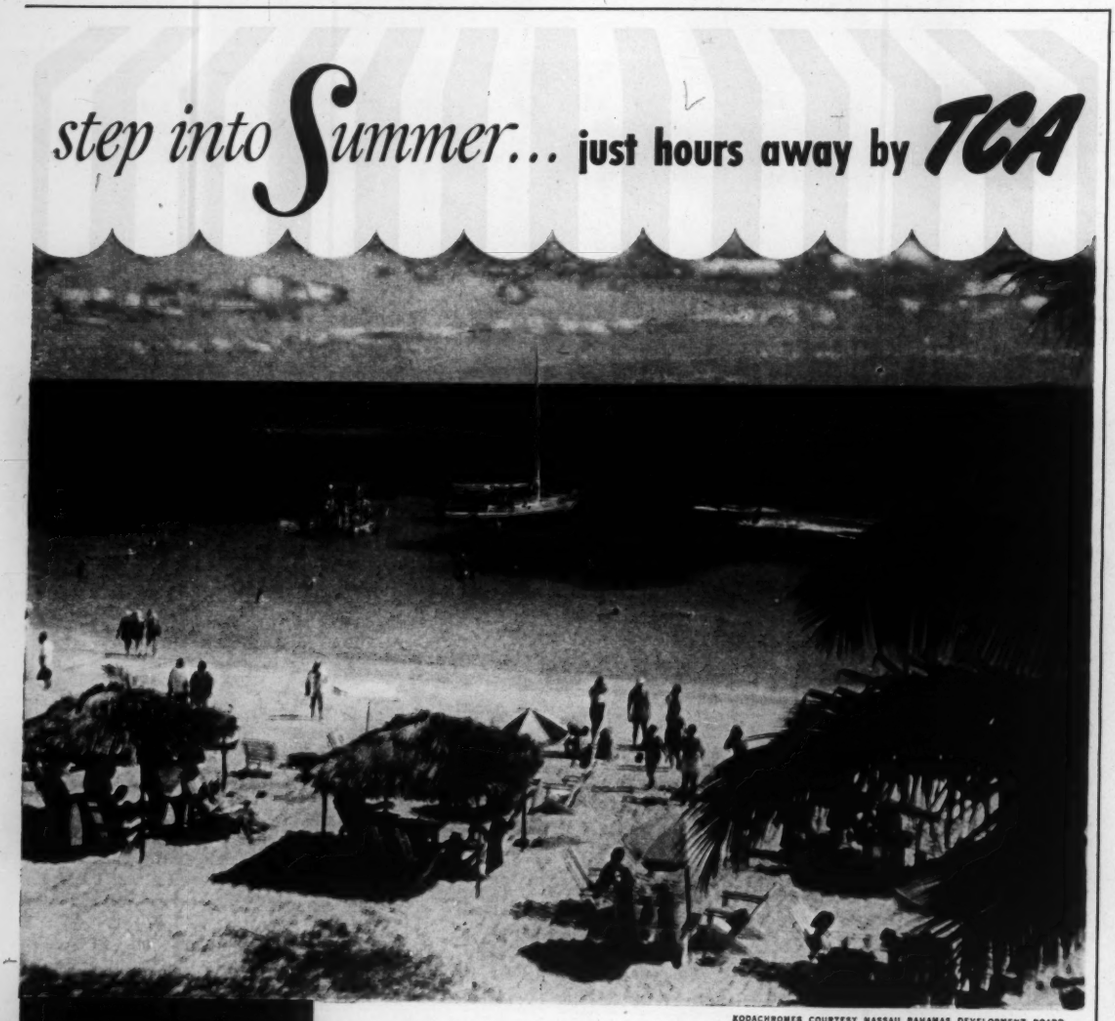
On November 9, 1914, the German cruiser *Emden* landed a demolition party to destroy the installations. They had only partly succeeded in their aim when HMAS *Sydney* came into sight and the *Emden* abandoned her party. After a brisk action, *Emden* was forced ashore on North Keeling Atoll, some six miles north of the Cocos group, where she became a total wreck.

The German demolition party, which had been left behind on Cocos, seized the island schooner *Ayesha* and made their escape. The cable staff, who had hidden spare instruments, were quickly able to restore communications with the outside world.

In March 1942, during World War II, a Japanese warship shelled the station and although the cable office was destroyed, communications were resumed within a few hours. A plain language radio message from Cable and Wireless Head Office to Batavia intimating that Cocos was permanently out of action presumably deceived the Japanese, who never again interfered with the island.

In 1944, with Malaya in enemy hands and air communications with Australia extremely difficult, it was decided to develop an air staging post at Cocos, and West Island was chosen for the site. The island was well covered with vegetation and presented a formidable task to the airfield engineers. But despite these difficulties a runway over 2,000 yards long was completed by April 1945. Two radar stations were put into operation on the islands soon after. In February, 1946, it was decided to close down the station.

But recent world political developments have put Cocos Island on the map again. Only a few weeks ago, the airstrip on the atoll was reopened to traffic. It now forms a vital link in the Commonwealth's air communications and a staging point in the direct air route between the Union of South Africa and Australia.



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TRANS-CANADA Air Lines

International • Trans-Atlantic
Transcontinental

Showcase of Agriculture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

head off, and making plans to "make it to the Royal."

Why? To be able to win ribbons and prizes and quietly lord it over your neighbors? Yes, to an extent. But that's not all of it. The Royal means top quality. It is not only a competition, it is an education for all exhibitors. They can compare their best with the best the country produces. They can see what is right and what is not right, what is wanted and what is not wanted. For westerners, just getting to go to the fair is a high honor.

BECAUSE the Royal means quality, the provincial governments encourage their farmers to compete by paying the freight charges on their exhibits to Toronto and return. But it does so only on those animals, for example, that its experts consider worthy of representing the province. Each breed is allotted so many entries. The breed associations appoint their own expert selectors. They pick the top animals out of those nominated. It is a thankless job for, in the process, they must be guided by one thought, is it good enough to win at the Royal? What I'm trying to say is that they don't pick animals merely to fill up box-cars. They try to select the best that can be found in the province.

Needless to add, provincial governments get great satisfaction out of winning at the Royal. And when they get back, the winners can always count on a big party being thrown in their honor by their home town.

The grain shows are in a somewhat different category. A rude critic might say, with some justification, that there is an element of phoniness here. The grain on exhibition is not a random sample of a peck from a crop as it comes from the thresher. It is often the selection of the best kernels of grain out of 15 or 20 bushels. The selection is done, with infinite care and patience, by the whole family sitting around the kitchen table. Each kernel is hand-picked and often hand-polished. One year the world's wheat championship was won by an exhibitor who grew the grain in a small garden plot.

Nevertheless even this has its useful side. In Western Canada hundreds of farm boys and girls have their own little plots. They plough and cultivate it, select their own seed, rogue out the weeds on hot afternoons. The hours they spent sorting over their seeds help to develop an eye for grain; for what is good, what is inferior and what is superior. They are developing farmers' eyes and the boy who grows up with a farmers' eye isn't going to settle for anything less than farming for his life work. That only one in a thousand of them ever hit the jackpot at the Royal doesn't really matter. What does is that next spring they'll be back at work on another seed plot, another calf or another colt. They'll be cautiously hopeful again that, maybe, this year they will "make it to the Royal." But they know that to succeed they've got to be better than good.

That's the real Royal—the faint gleam of hope in the mind of the farm boys and farm girls on the lonesome prairie. It's all the care and study and work that reaches it full flowering in Toronto in November. You won't see it all back in the cow barns and wandering around the chicken crates, but you'll see enough of it to understand why the Royal holds the place it does for the farmers from one end of Canada to another. To them, the Royal is the best of everything farmers can produce.

Pictures Without Popcorn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

thrillers and westerns, however excellent, is not enough. We also believe that many people, if given the opportunity, would like to 'make an event' of going to the theatre, in the same way that they enjoy attending a stage performance. When it is possible to book seats ahead of time for a certain picture on a certain date, people in small centres are enabled to enjoy the theatre parties usually regarded as a feature of 'big-city' life."

Most of the theatres taking part in the scheme have set aside Thursday night as culture night, thereby splitting what used to be a three-day booking for their usual film fare—Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Although everyone from Yvonne Taylor down emphasized that no real profit should be expected right away from the Curtain plan, what has actually happened in many cases is an increase in box office revenue, the Thursday Curtain films attracting the new or recaptured audience and the rest of the patrons crowding in on Friday or Saturday for their own kind of movie.

After completion of the winter series — Curtain at 8:30 knocks off for the summer months—the International Cinema Guild lost no time in slapping together a booklet of favorable comment from theatre managers who had tried the idea out. Only two theatres participating last year have dropped out, incidentally, and five others were added this fall.

ALL THIS praise indicates growing success for Mrs. Taylor's idea of distributing more widely off-beat movies and demonstrates also her flair for timing a campaign perfectly. In her theatre manager's manual, she said:

"There has been no major change in the established method of exhibiting and selling motion pictures to the public in over two decades. Producers have continually slanted their productions to attract the widest segment of the public and, as we are all aware, have failed many times.

"In the last few years it has become more and more evident that in seeking to cater to the masses the interest of a large class has been alienated to the point where they either go on rare occasions only, or have become entirely non-movie goers. Paradoxically, the very mass we are catering to now are the people who will succumb to the blandishments of television and the segment of the public which we now recognize as the lost or uncaptured audience are the ones least likely to be enamoured by this rapidly growing giant of the amusement industry. It, therefore, becomes clearly evident that now is the time for us to start wooing that part of the public which we have always considered in the minority and therefore not within the orbit of our booking or selling of motion pictures."

Whether theatre managers recognized her idea as a good one or grasped at it in desperation because of the movie slump of the past few years, the results of Mrs. Taylor's suggested and well-planned wooing are already making themselves felt.

"You're right, young man! Imperial Whisky is even finer now, than it was in my early days."

IMPERIAL

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Mature and Mellow
smoother than ever
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GLOBE ENVELOPES LIMITED MONTREAL OTTAWA TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

4-52

Titanium: Mine in the Sky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

higher up. The joined pieces ended like a freight yard siding, but without a bumper to prevent run-offs. The Rover had hit the first of what Red Rosers call "the switchbacks".

Gears clattered into reverse and Bennett let in the clutch. With the *sang froid* of a man who takes rides like this every day, the Mine Manager twisted his head to see over the tailboard as his juggernaut shuddered upwards and backwards through the next crazy incline to a second switching point, as unprotected as the first on its outer flank and at the end. So the climb was made, in a series of scrambles in low-low and reverse, with four heavy-lugged tires clawing at the hill and spewing rocks down the mountain. After the sixth and last awe-inspiring switchback had been passed, the jeep rolled onto a gentler slope along a broader ledge, and shuddered to a halt in a rock-strewn area beside the huts of the Upper Camp.

Down below lay the roofs of the mill and its settlement. Between camp and mill the crazy pattern of the road stretched like a taut string hooked around a series of pins on an upended draughting board. Seen at close quarters, bunkhouse, powerhouse, smithy, stores and cookery has the peculiar air of buildings which might take off without warning and go somersaulting down the hill, as indeed one did at the height of a winter gale. After that, the community was battened to the mountain.

Not a patch of moss, not a scrubby, dwarfed bush adorned the mountainside. This was the high desert up among peaks shrouded in cloud. An overhead bucket-tram, which carries ore down and supplies up, added the bizarre touch of a Goldberg cartoon. But the residents, who ride up and down the "summer road", or travel the swaying bucket line which is the only winter transport between mine and mill, the transit system soon becomes as ordinary as a city strap-hanger's evening journey home. What is "ordinary", and what "extraordinary", in short, lies in the eye of the beholder.

But how did this place get here? How did anybody happen to stumble on a deposit of tungsten, away up among the hard-centre clouds?

The answers come easy to the initiate. Prospectors have been roaming the crags of inner BC, high above the tree line, from "time immemorial" (which hereabouts means 50 years). Up high there is no overburden to hide the rocks from the eye. No mus-

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TRY jigger of Martini & Rossi Vermouth, jigger of rye; and ice and soda. Delightful!

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE

MARTINI & ROSSI • TORINO, ITALY

V-14

BRAIN-TEASER

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

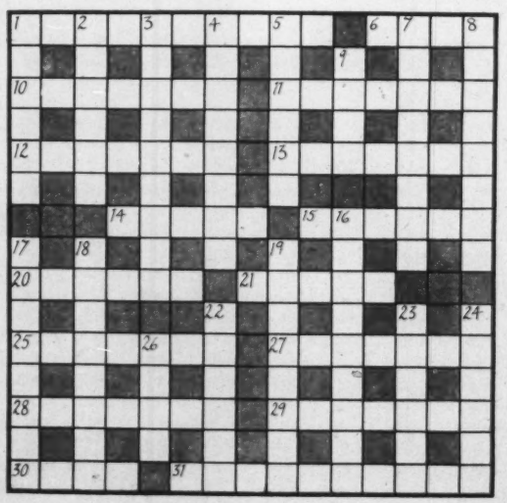
by Louis and Dorothy Crear

ACROSS

1. Not the dope from the Department of External Affairs. (6, 4)
6 and 7. News of a scoop? (4,3,5)
10. This of 7 does not extend to defamatory statements. (7)
11. A request for a free ad. gets this in turn from any newspaper. (4,3)
12. If you need a car, a call may bring it. (7)
13. To alter alter, alters. Let the rest go! (7)
14. But this won't clean up a scandal sheet. (5)
15. And back in France it holds a troubled soul. (6)
20. Fretwork without the labor? (6)
21. Does it contain news one should sleep on? (5)
25. See 19.
27. But they didn't originate the yellow press. (7)
28. Responsible for us getting news on tap? (7)
29. It towers above the Faithful at prayer. (7)
30. Though 4 has this, it's without it. Amen! (4)
31. The guardian of 7? (10)

DOWN

1. Disinfectant I stand away from outside. (6)
2. One means of gathering press clippings. (6)
3. To draw your own conclusions might result in one. (9)
4. See 30. (8)
5. Dawdle, ducky! (6)
7. See 6.
8. Drawn in Korea between North and South? (8)
9. These ads. are long for the paper. (4)
16. This cuts no ice, Bede! (9)
17. Halton and Sinclair as Canadian examples. (8)
18. Drawn upon for the colored section? (8)
19 and 25. It's funny that its characters, though not nudists, are always stripped. (3,5,7)
22. A heartless person wouldn't feel the pain it causes. (6)
23. He took over the "Star", perhaps, to publish his radical opinions throughout America. (6)
24. 19th century Baron whose correspondents still keep writing. (6)
26. And so to press. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Drastic
5. Back out
9. Caterer
10. Extreme
11. Onion
12. Indicated
13. See 1 down
17. Perplexities
22. Avuncular
24. Tiara
25. Tremolo
26. Lengths
27. Resists
28. Yearned

DOWN

1 and 13. Doctor Gordon Murray
2. Antrim
3. Toronto
4. Card index
5. Blend
6. Catechu
7. Overture
8. Tuesdays
14. Naturally
15. Splatter
16. Trousers
18. Lictors
19. Estonia
20. Wanton
21. Paused
23. Loons

keg impedes the traveller. If there is mineralization around, the seeker is going to see it. Given good legs and a sound heart, the prospector can get around as he never would down in the valleys and swamps. Which explains why mines in the high sierras start in the sky and burrow down towards the lowlands.

The present operation happened, as so many things happen in the intrinsically Canadian business of frontier-busting, because one man pondered a calculated risk, and bet his shirt on it. He is Jim Mackee of Vancouver. Soon after C. D. Howe lifted the ban on the private development of uranium deposits, Mackee gathered together a group of British Columbia businessmen to finance a search for the mother-rock of atomic energy, pitchblende. Claims were acquired in country a couple of mountains removed from the Red Rose, and the geigers pinged merrily as the rock was checked for radioactive minerals. The results were encouraging, but the road ahead looked like a long pull. Meanwhile, the group had taken over a copper property on the slope of Rocher de Boule Mountain, and were installing a 200-ton mill. It was just about this time that Mackee began studying tungsten.

IT SEEMED nobody wanted the stuff. It could be bought in quantity, and cheaply, from China. The going price inhibited North American operations, unless deposits were extremely rich, and few were. Most of the people who had mined tungsten in Canada during the war had packed up and walked away from their diggings, simply because they couldn't see any future, this side of the bankruptcy courts. That was before Korea.

Jim Mackee and his associates came to the conclusion that the western world was living in a fool's paradise, but that the end of the beautiful dream could not be far away, if we were interested in survival. So, with tungsten prices down on the barrel-bottom, they made a deal with Consolidated Smelters, which had mined the Red Rose during the war, and went to work. The big bet was down—not on the risk of finding ore, but on how quickly the democracies would come alive to the parlous state of freedom.

THROUGH 1951 crews cleaned out and shored up the workings, built new living quarters and moved supplies in. A roaring creek, far down the mountain, was dammed and foundations for a hydro plant were poured. New milling equipment was lugged in. Six-figure money disappeared into the peak before anything began to come out. There were plenty of scoffers to decry the effort. There always are. But . . .

As the crews slopped around in the old workings and drills were set up to explore unopened zones, the price of tungsten began to rise. By the time the mill was ready to be turned over for its tune-up, towards the end of 1951, it had reached an all-time high—and since the Rose ore runs better than 2 per cent tungsten content, whereas most of the operations in the U.S. are rated at less than half this figure, Mackee and his friends were sitting pretty. The cushion on which they sat was even prettier by the time the bugs had been ironed out of the mill, because tungsten prices had trebled the $19.50 return from a short-ton unit, the market value when the reopening began. (The short-ton unit is a concentrate containing 20 pounds of tungsten oxide.)

FROM January through June, 1952, the mountain labored and brought forth almost 200,000 pounds of tungsten oxide, which gave back almost $400,000 to Western's bank account. This was the tryout period. In July the place began to jump. The buckets of rock literally poured down the mountain. Power lines were strung to the top, to retire the diesels which had been driving the drills inside the hill. Underground exploration was revealing hitherto unsuspected ore reserves. A new adit was being driven to open lower levels. The month's production touched a mark not far short of the previous six months' total. The mill would soon be crushing 150 tons of ore a day. All this off one man's conviction that the West would soon be hollering for tungsten.

In the view of experts, the rugged interior of BC is perhaps the most favorable hunting ground in North America for the scarce strategic minerals. British Columbians, who are the world's most incurable optimists, take this to mean that the crags and precipices of their province will soon be the principal source of the minerals which science decrees essential for a constantly expanding industrial age.

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three pounds lighter than most overboots. You won't drag your feet in Polar Kings.

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long zipper means lots of foot-room for putting on. "Borg" Deepile Nylon lining never sticks or rubs off.

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Velanized Nylon *outside* is watertight . . . *exclusive* "Borg" Deepile Nylon *inside* keeps feet and ankles warm.

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look smart . . . *stay* smart . . . washable inside and out. Mud rubs right off . . . scuff-proof, too.

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ALL NYLON SNOW BOOTS FOR MEN

All good shoe stores sell Polar Kings. Be sure you get the real thing, for only Polar Kings have *all* the features.

By the makers of famous "Polar Queens" for women.

THE GREAT WEST FELT COMPANY ELMIRA, CANADA

LETTERS

Independent Radio's Case

MIGHT we ask that you permit us the courtesy of bringing to the attention of your readers certain inaccuracies and misconceptions appearing in Mr. Barkway's Ottawa Report in SATURDAY NIGHT, October 25, 1952, and in an accompanying editorial page comment?

To save space we are deleting reference to the original comment and merely noting our corrections. First, as to Mr. Barkway's article: (1) The wealthier private station operators do not lead the Canadian Association of Broadcasters. Most of our membership is medium and smaller sized stations and the Association works on the one man, one vote principle.

(2) This Association, far from hoping that the discussion on the proposed new regulations will become a political issue, sincerely hopes it will not. We have always tried to prevent any aspect of broadcasting from becoming a political issue.

(3) The Massey Commission is not "the latest of a whole series of investigatory bodies spread over the last 20 years," but the second.

(4) No broadcasting station plays American discs all day.

(5) No broadcasting station plays discs all day.

(6) Mr. Barkway's comments concerning British and European programs point up the whole basis of objection to the principle of deliberately excluding ideas or creations because they are not of "original Canadian production." The creative fields generally, and the field of ideas particularly, both benefit by free interchange amongst all free countries.

(7) If the principle of limiting the importation of ideas and creative material is sound, it should not be put into effect by an administrative tribunal for one form of publication only. It should become part of the law of the land and apply also to newspapers, magazines, periodicals, films and books. Ironically, broadcasting is the one medium in which a tariff on ideas can never be completely successful because the great bulk of Canadians can clearly receive U.S. stations.

Secondly, in relation to the editorial: (8) The quotation attributed to the Massey Report was repeated therein from the report of the Aird Commission and was and is completely inaccurate. When the Aird Commission reported, there were only four of the sixty-two non-government stations then existing in Canada importing U.S. network programs. Of these sixty-two stations only six were located in centres of major population; the great majority in smaller centres; many of them well away from the U.S. border.

(9) The parallel between CBC and CPR is inaccurate. The CPR is a privately owned organization concerned only with operations. CBC is state-owned; is concerned with controls over the privately owned stations in addition to being an operating body. It is in direct competition for business with the non-government stations for whom it sets controls.

(10) The reference to U.S. recordings ignores the fact that many of these recordings contain music originally created in Europe, Canada and South America. Is a recording of a Beethoven symphony, recorded in New York, to be considered as an American program? (11) As pointed out by Mr. Arthur Surveyor, one of the members of the Massey Commission, on Page 385 of the Massey Report, " . . . The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is the sole importer, practically, of American programs which are brought into Canada over land lines rented from the telegraph companies."

The non-government broadcasters, who have never believed they are any less worthy Canadian citizens because they are not in the employ of the Government, are completely in accord with the view that every positive step possible should be taken to develop Canadian culture and talent. Their record of such development and public service generally, is a matter for pride. Some of the highlights of this record were briefly mentioned in an excellent article carried by SATURDAY NIGHT of September 6, 1952, under the title "Independent Radio Stations—Local Boosters of Talent."

We do not believe that Canadian culture or Canadian talent will benefit from restrictive controls tending to create a narrow nationalism; preventing the free interchange of ideas and other creative material amongst free nations; or attempting to enforce the use of Canadian productions, live or recorded, simply because they are Canadian, without considering merit.

Basic point is this: All media of mass communications should operate within the framework of the general law of the land and none be subject to specific hampering controls which limit its freedom as a device for purveying information and comment, especially when those controls are imposed by a government body in direct competition for business.

Ottawa, Ont. T. J. ALLARD,
General Manager, CAB

Inspired Bible

B. K. SANDWELL (Oct. 11) asserts that the "generality" of English-speaking Protestants used to regard the King James version of the Bible as divinely inspired. The historic advocates of the doctrine of Inspiration, Luther, Calvin, and other leaders of the Reformation, however, believed that the original authors, not the translators, were inspired.

This too is the view of the modern exponents of the idea, including the late J. Gresham Machen of Westminster Theological Seminary who writes, "Only the autographs of the Biblical books, in other words—the books as they came from the pen of the sacred writers, and not any one of the copies of those autographs which we now possess—were produced with that supernatural impulsion and guidance of the Holy Spirit which we call inspiration." ("The Christian Faith in the Modern World"—Eerdmans, Grand Rapids, 1947, PP. 39.)

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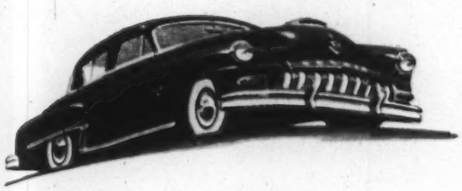

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DESOTO FIREDOME V-8 • DESOTO POWERMASTER SIX

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

INSURANCE

Heading for Palm Trees?

by Geoffrey L. Pratt

THIS is the season when a lot of our more fortunate Canadians are deciding they want to avoid winter.

While summertime vacations are largely confined to journeys within Canada and the U.S., those who seek winter warmth are more than ever going to Mexico and the Caribbean.

A few hints and warnings, insurance-wise, are offered to those headed for tropical holidays this winter season.

Reputable travel agencies usually mention some of these points, but more and more people seem to climb into their cars, head for California, Louisiana or Florida, then decide they will keep on driving to Mexico City, Cuernavaca and Acapulco; or perhaps leave the car in Miami and fly to one of the West Indian Islands. Such vacationists can easily find themselves mixed up with insurance —and visa—problems.

The Canadian's automobile-insurance policy — unless prior arrangement has been made—will be regarded as no insurance at all by officials across the Mexican border. It is true that coverage conforming to the country's requirements can be purchased at the boundary—in fact, there must be no proceeding south without it — or a per diem basis related to projected length of the visit. All this trouble can be avoided by making proper arrangements before leaving home.

Insurance agents are able to arm their clients with evidence of automobile insurance satisfactory to Mexico—provided they are given time to do so. For example, some 30 of the insurance companies operating in Canada are members of the American Foreign Insurance Association; as a group they have an arrangement with an approved Mexican insurance company whereby Canadian automobile policyholders may be afforded coverage while south of the Rio Grande.

Relatively few people take their cars to any of the Caribbean Islands. If they do, they can secure the appropriate coverage in advance through their insurance agent or broker. The popular plan is to hire a car in Jamaica, Barbados or Trinidad and let the "hire" concern arrange all necessary insurance. This is by far the wisest and best course.

TRAVEL in British islands is on the left side of the road, and they are prone to be narrow, winding and alive with pedestrians, bicycles and animals. Perhaps there is more than one insurance implication here — be certain before leaving Canada that life-insurance premiums have been paid, and that personal-accident contracts haven't lapsed.

A good rule for the prospective vacationer is to sit down with his agent at least two weeks before leaving home and examine all existing insurance. Here are some questions apart from the automobile upon which there should be a clear understanding.

Is your home going to be closed up for longer than 60 days? If so, companies carrying the fire and burglary insurance or the personal property floater must be notified.

DOES personal property insurance coverage, as written, extend to foreign lands likely to be visited? Such contracts (or the more restricted personal effects floater) can be endorsed to provide insurance on effects wherever they are to be carried — except the USSR.

Are valuable items — jewellery, watches, cameras—properly described and scheduled at their appraised value? This can be arranged under the personal property floater or by separate specific policies.

Has every aspect of the insurance portfolio been considered in the light of a projected lengthy absence?

And — getting back to automobile insurance again — be sure to leave with your insurance agent an address in Florida, Jamaica or Mexico as the case may be. Instruct him to airmail details of any important new insurance developments.

completes the picture

Good friends are coming, good food is ready, and . . . for the wonderful difference it makes . . . good wine will grace your table. For in Paarl South African Wines you'll find the answer to delightful entertaining, *inexpensively*. Not only for the superb flavours they bring to food, for their distinguished imported quality—not only for the casual ease with which they can be served, *but for all these reasons*, the fine wines of South Africa contribute much to pleasant living.

Luckily, wine etiquette is very simple. Those with wine wisdom serve the wines they like when they like, and one all-purpose wine glass is acceptable for all occasions. *Just remember when serving:* Paarl Dry Sherry should be slightly chilled: White Wines chilled: Red Wine, Port, Sweet Sherry and Paarl Brandy should be served at room temperature. And do explore the magic of wine-cookery. Paarl booklet . . . offered free below . . . sparkles with appetizing ideas, shows the many ways the famous Paarl wines can bring much pleasure at small cost. Send for your free copy.

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MARKET COMMENT

Canada Cement Company Ltd.

by George Armstrong

CEMENT STRUCTURES used by the ancient Romans are still in existence today. The widespread use of portland cement as we know it commenced in England about a century ago. Since that time its use has spread throughout the world and its field is still steadily expanding. Cement is utilized to some extent in nearly all types of building, its principal demand being for dams, bridges, concrete roads and other public works. Development of new techniques in the use of cement offers a growth factor for the future.

Consumption of cement has increased more rapidly than that of competing structural materials largely as a result of the fact that the increase in the price of cement has not been as sharp as in that of competing materials. Since 1939 the use of cement in the U.S. has increased about 90 per cent compared with increases of about 45 per cent for brick, 86 per cent for structural steel and 35 per cent for lumber. In Canada, producers' shipments of cement have risen nearly 200 per cent since 1939 reflecting the rapid capital expansion program here since the end of World War II. Present overall cement consumption in Canada is about 22½ million barrels or approximately 1½ barrels per capita. Long range average consumption in the U.S. is about one barrel per capita. It would appear, therefore, that the cement industry in Canada is currently near the peak of its cycle, unless it should prove that per capita cement consumption is due to continue expanding.

CANADA CEMENT, which supplies some 80 per cent of Canada's requirements of portland cement, has benefited from the keen demand for its product. With its seven plants located across Canada in conjunction with unlimited deposits of limestone, gypsum and clay, the raw materials required, it has been in a favorable position to take advantage of developments in all sections of the country. Plants are located at Montreal East and Hull, Quebec; Belleville and Port Colborne in Ontario; Fort Whyte, Manitoba; Exshaw, Alberta; and Havelock, New Brunswick.

At the end of World War II capacity of the seven plants was approximately 10 million barrels per year. Production in the current year will run about 15 million barrels and when expansion at the Exshaw and Belleville plants is completed early next year capacity will be about 17½ million barrels annually. With the recent additions to plants it is felt that ample supplies of cement will be available for some years to come without resorting to further large capital expenditures.

During the past five years Canada Cement has reinvested through retained earnings and depreciation charges an amount exceeding $28 million, equivalent to $47 per common share. A bond issue sold in 1951 and 1952 totalling $5 million will be used to complete the expansion program and to maintain liquid position. Working capital at the end of 1951 amounted to $7,096,413. In addition to the $5 million 4 per cent serial debentures there is outstanding $19,611,160, $1.30 preference stock of $20 par value and 600,000 shares of no par value common stock.

In the years 1926-1931 Canada Cement maintained a net profit in excess of $1.5 million. There was a very sharp drop through the early thirties but the recovery in 1937 brought net profit back to $1.4 million. Heavy taxes during the war kept profits down, but since 1947 operating profits have almost doubled and, despite rising income taxes, net profits have increased at the same rate. In 1951, earnings amounted to

GEORGE ARMSTRONG *is Director of Canadian Business Service.*

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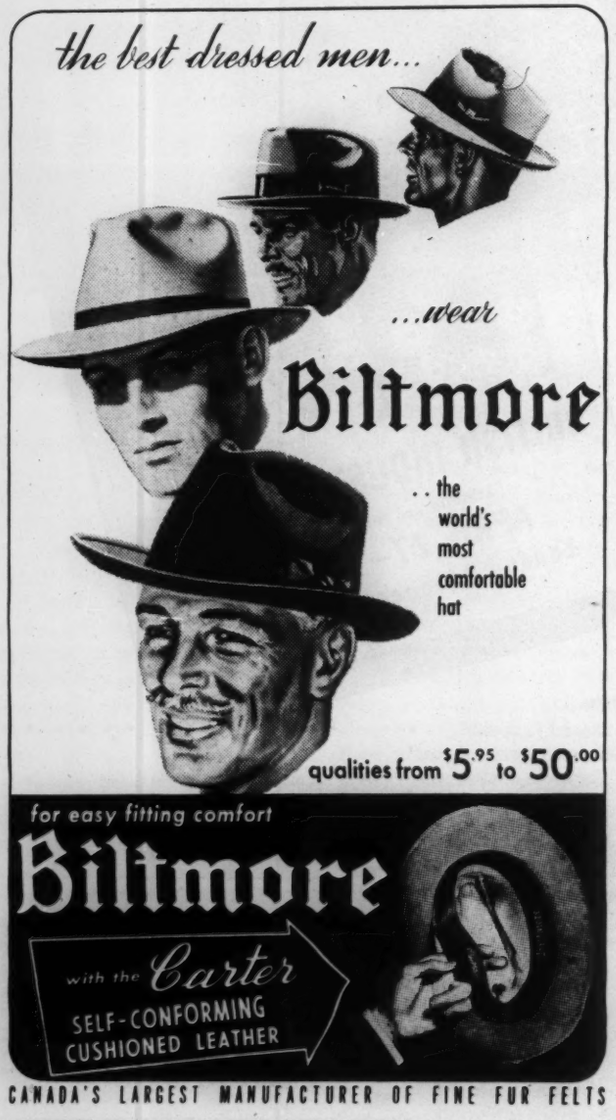

CANADA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE FUR FELTS

$4,804,648 equal to $5.88 per common share down slightly from $5,706,516 in 1950 as a result of higher taxes, since operating profits were at an all-time high. Latest available figures for cement production in Canada in the current year indicate a 5 per cent increase over 1951. High costs and increased write-offs will offset increased sales, however, and earnings for the current year will be near last year's levels.

THE LONGER TERM outlook for cement is favorable. The field in which cement is used, is steadily expanding. Price increases of only 50-60 per cent above pre-war have improved the competitive position. Defence contracts have taken about 25 per cent of output in the last year or so. The cement company expects to recover a substantial portion of the highway business — particularly on heavily travelled roads where a concrete base and an asphalt top appear to be the most satisfactory surface. A heavy demand is anticipated for highway bridge construction. Foreign competition is not expected to be a problem as rising transportation and labor costs in other countries prevent them from competing on a price basis.

At the recent price of 73, common stock of Canada Cement is selling about 12 times earnings and yields 2.7 per cent based on the $2.00 dividend, the amount paid in 1951 and 1952. Dividends on the common stock were not commenced until 1950 through the necessity of establishing a Preference Dividend Maintenance Fund of $2,612,000 or $2.60 per preference share (two years' dividend requirements). Upon completion of the expansion program, the establishment of regular quarterly or semi-annual dividend payments seems likely.

Canada Cement is a good company with good management operating in a basic industry. Although the stock appears adequately priced, based on present earnings and dividends, further growth possibilities give it some attraction for the long pull.

LETTER

Farm Income

IF COLD statistics are to have any meaning at all, when comparisons are made they must be made as between items which are comparable.

In Michael Young's excellent article and your striking headline ("The Farmer Takes a Bow," Oct. 11), much food for thought is presented. Surely, however, to compare the gross income of one group with the cost of living on a national average presents an erroneous statistical picture. He states that farm income increased 294 per cent while the general cost of living increased only 81 per cent.

Did Mr. Young ever hear of the tall man, six-foot-six in height who drowned in a pool which *averaged* five feet deep?

We do enjoy the many opinions expressed in SATURDAY NIGHT.

Almonte, Ont. R. A. STEWART

For Quotations
Picard & Fleming
EMpire 6-4641

BRAZILIAN TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED
Incorporated under the laws of Canada

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Directors of this Company has declared a DIVIDEND of Fifty (50) cents (Canadian) per share on the Company's issued Ordinary Shares of no par value, PAYABLE on December 15th, 1952 to shareholders of record at the close of business on November 10th, 1952.

The dividend on shares represented by Share Warrants to Bearer will be paid against surrender of Coupon No. 95 at one of the places of payment specified below.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are reminded that in accordance with the Notice recently published under date of October 6th, 1952, new coupon sheets containing coupons numbered 95 to 160 inclusive are available for delivery upon the surrender of the relative talon and of the unused coupons numbered 90 to 94 inclusive.

Copies of the Notice dated October 6th, 1952 are available from the Head Office of the Company in Canada, or the Company's Agents, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, in London, England, at the address given below.

Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will, where applicable, be subject to deduction of Canadian Non-Resident Income Tax.

Places at which coupons may be lodged for payment:

In BELGIUM, at Brussels:—
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.
Banque de Bruxelles, S.A.
Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, S.A.
Banque de Report et de Depôts, S.A.
Banque de la Société Générale de Belgique, S.A.
Kredietbank S.A.
Nagelmackers Fils et Cie.

In FRANCE, at Paris:—
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.

In the NETHERLANDS, at Amsterdam:—
Amsterdamsche Bank N.V.

In the UNITED KINGDOM, at London:—
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In CANADA, at the Head Office of the Company:—
25 King Street West, Toronto.

For the convenience of holders of Bearer Share Warrants, arrangements have been made for the payment of coupons in Canadian currency against surrender thereof at any of the places specified above and subject to regulations in force at each place of payment.

Full information as to the procedure to be followed can be obtained in Brussels, from Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited, or in Paris or Amsterdam, from the banks there specified, or in the United Kingdom from the Company's Agents, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London E.C.3, England, or from the Company in Toronto.

Dated at Toronto, Canada, the 28th day of October, 1952.

By Order of the Board,
R. T. DONALD,
Secretary.

The Transfer Agents of the Company are National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada; and The National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., who should be notified promptly of any change of address.

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1952, payable January 2, 1953, to shareholders of record December 2, 1952.

By Order of the Board.
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.
Montreal, October 27, 1952.

"Wotta Man" by Gosh

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF BONUS

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of Twenty Cents (20c) per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the year ending 31st October, 1952, payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Monday, the First day of December, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st October, 1952.

By Order of the Board,

L. S. MACKERSY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 8th October, 1952.

BUSINESS COMMENT

The "New Competition"

by Michael Young

FOR THE PAST YEAR or so the consumer has been more price conscious than he has at any time since before the war. But in spite of this, and in spite of the rivalry among sellers for the consumer's dollar, prices haven't reflected the competitive nature of Canadian business.

This has given rise to a good deal of talk about combines, and price fixing—centred largely on the manufacturing industry. Those who have been under the gun don't deny a relative sameness of prices. But they do deny that competition has diminished on the market. The old competition—the day to day price rivalry—has diminished, but a "new competition"—new in degree if not in kind—has taken its place.

This is competition in matters other than price: competition in services (the super markets that stay open until 9 o'clock on Friday night), competition in advertising, competition from new entrants in business, and, most important, competition from improved and new substitute products.

These elements have been active for as long as business has been going on, but recently they have taken on a new importance: the main reason for this is the fact that certain important elements in costs have become extremely high and extremely rigid. Labor and taxes are the two main items. Under pressure of competition prices should drop, and in the "old days" (whenever they were) price reductions could back up along the cost structure of an industry until some sort of equilibrium was established. In theory at any rate, all the factors in production were mobile.

If this was ever true it's not true today. Cutting costs has become an almost hair-splitting process—witness the growing popularity of time and motion studies. This can be carried just so far. When the limit is reached, whether it's in the form of a labor leader or a property tax, competition has to take a form other than price cutting.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the ledger—that is, in the case where it's claimed sellers are holding a price by common agreement, elements of the new competition still operate. This is particularly true in the case of new substitute products. And, of course, it operates even when there has been no price fixing combine.

There are lots of rather startling examples of the effect of substitution or of new techniques on the demand for certain products. Coal's trouble, for instance, isn't only a matter of competition from hydro-electric power and petroleum. New techniques in the use of coal have made possible large savings in its consumption. At the end of the first world war, for instance, railroads had to burn 164 pounds of coal to move a ton of freight 1,000 miles; at the end of the second world war they could do the same job burning only 111 pounds of coal. In 1920 it took 3 pounds of coal to generate one kilowatt hour of electricity; today a kilowatt hour of electricity can be produced with less than half that amount of coal.

In the case of direct substitution, glass now competes as a fabric not only with cotton and wool, but also with other synthetic textiles that only a few years ago were causing so much concern in the natural fibre field. In its turn, glass is having to meet competition from paper and metal in the container field.

Intensive research is behind all this, and it's here where those who are under the gun because of their bigness find a forceful argument in their defence. It's the big companies with all the capital behind them and with the long range view that finance the costly research that develops new products and techniques.

IT'S COMPETITION for the consumer's dollar that provides the incentive for the research. And while this new competition isn't reflected in day to day price rivalry, it is reflected in a wide choice of goods available to the consumer. This was one of the many points made at the recent meeting of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce where the "New Competition" was exhaustively discussed. Colville Sinclair of Imperial Tobacco told the meeting, ". . . the greatest progress has been made not in reducing the prices of things that were known 50 years ago, but in providing new and better things and great improvement in quality of the old things . . ."

It's competition — the so-called "new competition"—that is responsible for the accomplishments. But we do not have an open and shut case for the "new competition." Certainly the development of improved or substitute products works in the direction of lower prices, but the very recognition of a new competition carries an implication that the old fashioned price competition is on the way out. According to T. D. MacDonald, Director of Combines Investigation and Research, "it is when [the new competition] is oversold and offered, not as a description of some aspects of economic behavior, but as a substitution for price competition that it must be more critically regarded . . ."

That's where the danger lies, because without a healthy degree of price competition, the incentive for new, improved and substitute product development is diminished. And it's not only the sellers who can be oversold on the new competition. The extremely convenient mechanism of installment buying makes price less important to consumers than it would

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Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the outstanding capital stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on the 15th day of December, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 14th day of November, 1952.

By Order of the Board,
J. W. HAMILTON,
Secretary.

Calgary, Alberta,
October 27, 1952.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the English and American Insurance Company Limited, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C 1386 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance and ten supplemental classes being, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited Hail Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company; in addition to Inland Transportation Insurance and Personal Property Insurance, for which it is already registered.

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be if they had to put cash on the barrel head.

This is a projection. At the moment the consumer is price conscious, but if the only reaction his price consciousness produces from his suppliers is a wider variety of bigger and better goods moved by a highly developed sales technique, and financed on the installment plan, his criterion is not going to be so much the price of the product as the terms on which it's offered for sale.

This eliminates one of the "countervailing powers"— that is the reaction against private economic power produced by those who are subject to it. The combination of a wide range of goods, stubbornly stable prices, and easy consumer credit may persuade consumers to adjust themselves to the new competition rather than to exercise their "countervailing power." Price then ceases to perform its important function in a capitalist economy as a measure of value and a measure of need. The system becomes much less automatic, and the "big brother" economy moves a step closer.

Tariffs Over-Rated?

AT GENEVA the U.S. delegation sat glumly through a series of protests from five other signatories to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The sorest spot was the rider to the U.S. Defence Production Act of 1951 that restricted imports of cheese and other dairy products. The U.S. delegation acknowledged that GATT had been violated and also acknowledged the protesting countries' right to retaliate. But, with the exception of the Netherlands, the other countries are withholding retaliation until the new U.S. Government has a chance to nullify the offending rider.

The protests have highlighted the much-used argument that U.S. import restrictions simply mean more U.S. dollar aid from the pockets of the American taxpayers. This is already alarmingly high: 11 per cent of the taxes collected by Washington during the past seven years have gone into foreign aid in one form or another. The total since the end of the war—

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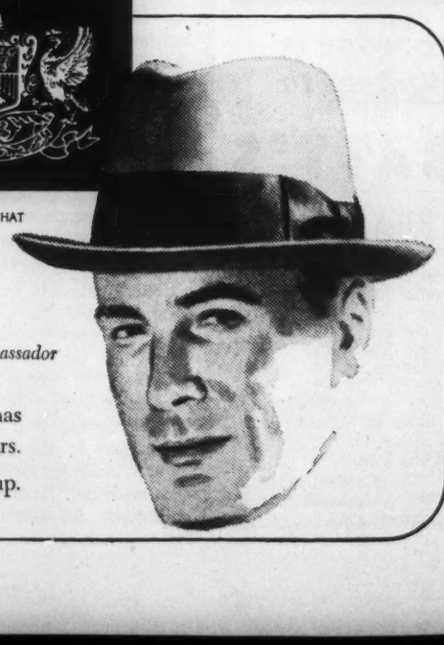

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about $35 billion, with another $5½ billion in the process of being spent this year.

It has been argued loud and long that American interests would be better served by getting dollars into the hands of European customers by buying from them than by making million dollar donations, but U.S. tariff lobbyists still aren't wholly convinced apparently.

The "Trade not Aid" theme sounds good, but on close examination it doesn't look like it will provide the whole answer. U.S. tariffs and quotas certainly reduce the dollar earning capacity of other countries, but the twin facts of lower U.S. tariffs and the continuing dollar gap in spite of the lower tariffs indicate that something more than free trade is required. Average U.S. tariffs on dutiable imports are about half what they were in 1947, but imports for August this year were 11 per cent below the 1951 monthly average.

EVEN if all the tariffs could be eliminated, any resulting improvement in the dollar earnings of other countries would be a while in coming. In the States and to a slightly lesser degree in Canada, the actual business of selling involves heavy capital outlays—much heavier than are required for merchandising in European or other countries. With the tariff mentality operating in the U.S. this has been a significant deterrent to companies seeking to break into the U.S. market. Successful selling there follows heavy sales promotion expenditures, and if these produce too good results, U.S. competitors clamor for protection under one or other of the escape clauses Congress has pinned to international tariff agreements. It follows that tangible demonstration of good faith will have to be produced in the U.S., even if an enlightened tariff policy is adopted, before European sellers make heavy outlays of scarce dollars for sales promotion.

The possibilities of further substantial tariff reductions aren't too good anyway. Retaliation such as that threatened by Canada in the case of the dairy products restrictions, can hit one troublesome group a hard blow, but overall the fact remains that the U.S. market is a great deal more important to foreign producers than foreign customers are to U.S. producers. This means that relatively little pressure can be exerted by foreign countries through retaliation for U.S. tariffs.

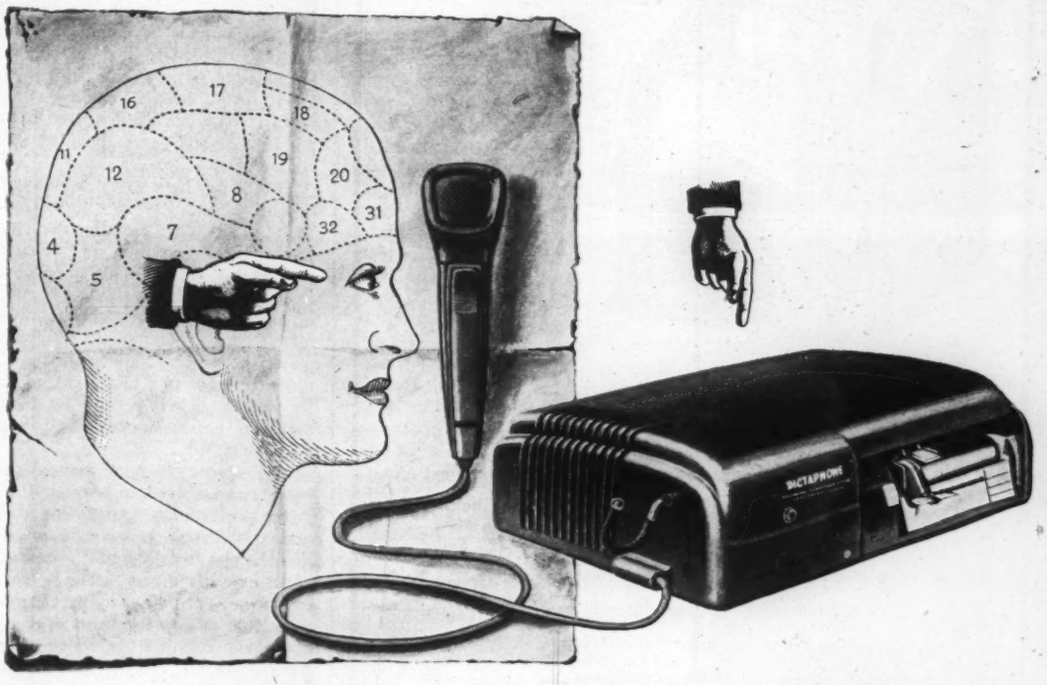
Dollars at Work

ALONG WITH the "trade not aid" theme there is new emphasis being placed on U.S. investment. This has been at a particularly high level since the war, during the past seven years a total of about $7 billion has been put into foreign production and equipment for an accumulated amount of private American capital invested abroad totalling $21 billion.

This impressive U.S. dollar outlay has had somewhat disappointing results in terms of the overall trade and balance of payments picture. Private capital goes where the conditions are most attractive, and in the postwar period Canada and Latin America have offered the best attractions for U.S. investment capital. About 65 per cent of the total U.S. investment abroad has been directed into Canada and Latin America—over half this into Canada—and most of the rest has been invested in Marshall Plan countries. The net result has been to strengthen the vertical ties among the North American countries while the horizontal ties between the sterling and dollar areas are weakened.

It's apparent that European countries — Britain particularly — can't carry on another all-out dollar earning export drive and still meet demands and claims of underdeveloped countries in the sterling area for capital equipment; yet for both political and economic reasons these demands have to be met.

In the U.S. steps are underway to meet this need: The National Planning Association, financed by grants from the Carnegie and other foundations, is beginning a detailed study of successful private operations in the underdeveloped areas, and a sort of clearing house for information on opportunities for private U.S. investment abroad is being established. There is a definite movement afoot among U.S. investors toward Asia particularly—buttressed by a broader Federal concept of "Point Four", and a realistic projection of future U.S. raw material needs.



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U.K. Aircraft

by John L. Marston

BRITAIN, though much smaller than the United States as an industrial power, has established herself as the principal producer of ships and as the principal exporter of motor-cars. She has now established a technical lead in the production of aircraft. The shipbuilding industry is no longer sure of its prospects; the trade in motor-cars has become strongly competitive. Aircraft, both for replacement on and for development of the world's airlines, and also for defence, are likely to be in strong demand for years. And Britain's aircraft, particularly jets, can claim to be in important respects years ahead of their competitors.

The British have every incentive to expand the industry on a broad base. There is no other manufacture, with the obvious exception of precision instruments, which yields so much in relation to materials used. The value of a jet-propelled airliner is approximately £10 per pound weight of materials; which is approximately 20 times the value of a motor-car, money for weight. There is no other export that can be developed with similar advantage.

The suggestion now mooted, not only in the aircraft industry but also in the Government and among economists in Britain, is that this industry shall be elevated to a special position as an export industry. The value of exports of aircraft and parts, more than £40 million last year, is already not much less than the value of exports of ships. And it is undeniable that both passengers and freight are tending to use air transport in preference to sea transport.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS in cheap fares have proved that there is a mass market for air travel waiting to be exploited. Already it is claimed that it is cheaper to transport people from Europe to the East by air than by sea. Freight rates are declining.

It is understandable that U.S. policy is interested in the British industry more as a supplier to the air forces of the North Atlantic Treaty powers than as a competitor in civil aviation. World production of aircraft will evidently be greatly increased in the coming years, and in this increase the British intend to benefit from their lead in jet-propelled turbo-propeller, delta-wing, and other designs of aircraft. The Government is willing to make materials available more freely than to other industries, and to modify its orders where they conflict with export orders. But the industry cannot realize its full potentialities with its present labor force, though that totals about 200,000; and it cannot progress rapidly unless it develops its capital equipment boldly. However, such obstructions as the difficulty of mass-producing rotor blades for gas turbines are now being overcome. This young industry is ambitious, and it has all the technical resources that it needs. Its progress will be worth watching.

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Notice is hereby given that a bonus of twenty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the year ending 29th November, 1952 and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1952.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 28, 1952.

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Pro Hockey: Better Than Ever

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

opening whistle.

Still another attempt to enlarge the league was made in the year that New York Americans changed their name to Brooklyn Americans in the hope that Brooklyn might become a home for an NHL team. They, too, were routed, and the club retired from competition.

Quite often the governors of hockey's major circuit are criticized for looking too much like "big business". At times they meet privately, then release only stilted reports of their conclusions. Still, even though they occasionally deliberate and talk like bankers, it is undeniably true that once the teams hit the ice, sport triumphs over dollars. That was evidenced in the instances where new clubs have been discouraged in their first seasons. It is equally evidenced in Stanley Cup playoffs.

At Stanley Cup time, fan enthusiasm is so pronounced that sell-outs prevail. Each game has an income potential of around $25,000, and in some cities the playoff revenue could make the difference between breaking even or earning a profit.

Despite those incentives there has never been a tendency to prolong a series. In the final Stanley Cup rounds, during the past 10 years, the maximum seven games have been played only twice, while the minimum four games have decided the championship on five occasions. In the past five years, it would have been possible for the two finalists to have played 35 games; they actually played only 24.

Another way in which professional hockey operates without an eye on the dollar is the fact that you can't buy a winning hockey team. If that were possible, Boston, New York and Chicago would be favored cities. But none of those three clubs has won a league championship or a Stanley Cup in the past 10 years.

Good teams in Detroit, Montreal and Toronto have been built up from the ponds of Canada. They have been the result of expert scouting and the steady development of farm clubs. In professional hockey, there has been no substitute for know-how.

THIS extensive planned gathering of youngsters sometimes invites the criticism that the system interferes with the freedom of the individual. Some otherwise well-intentioned folks have even likened the signing of teenagers to a form of slavery.

To me, the criticism is wildly exaggerated. Can you name any profession other than hockey that gives a young worker all the tools of his trade and gratuitously provides a place to practise; that not only furnishes free education and free board but even pays him while he is learning; that launches him into an avocation where, if he is especially gifted, he can earn close to $100,000 before he is 30 years old; that pays for all hospitalization resulting from his work, and has a most generous pension applicable to all 10-year members? In addition, the players get six months annual vacation.

Young hockey players have the chance to travel widely, enjoy the best accommodation on trains and in hotels; meet persons who can help them when they want to locate in some other business; and obtain a fame and public acclaim that is very comforting to youth. If all that be slavery, then let there be more of it.

Neither is hockey a dead-end profession. Some players continue until their mid-thirties; then there are many opportunities for them to continue as scouts, coaches, managers or even owners. Art Ross, Jack Adams, Lynn Patrick, Hap Day, Joe Primeau, Dick Irvin, Frank Boucher, Bill Cook, Ken Reardon, Eddie Shore, Sid Abel and King Clancy are all players who retired as participants later to assume higher responsibilities.

It is only fair, however, to agree that while professional hockey pays well, it is dangerous.

You can't blame that condition on rule-makers, for hockey has always been a rugged sport. You can't play a game on ice, where players wear sharpened steel blades, carry heavy wooden clubs, and shoot a solid vulcanized rubber puck into an iron-rimmed net without expecting some injuries.

HOWEVER, despite the numerous incidents that hospitalize too many of our better players, I still think hockey is not as deliberately bad as it was in the youth of some of its present critics.

Recently, I was reading some of the old records of the Ontario Hockey Association. One of them described the senior finals in 1904-5 season.

That year Toronto Marlboros defeated Smiths Falls at home and the second game was played at Smiths Falls. That game was rough; so rough that during half-time Marlboros complained that only two of their seven players were able to continue. Smiths Falls admitted that some Marlboros were too cracked up for further combat, but they contended that, as five of the visitors were playing just before half-time, at least four of them should be compelled to start the second half. The referee left the decision to the OHA with the result that both final games were cancelled and a sudden-death match ordered for neutral ice.

In present NHL hockey the admittedly rougher element would include Mortson, Kyle, Lindsay, Evans, Flaman or Fogolin. But they will never go down in hockey's crime records as the equals of Bad Joe Hall, Sprague Cleghorn, "Minnie" Megiffin, Newsy Lalonde or Cully Wilson. They were clouters who have no successors in current hockey.

No one condones high-sticking, heavy boarding or tripping that injures an opponent. However, most of the serious accidents now are caused by incidents to which no opponent has knowingly contributed.

Not only do I disagree with those who think 1952 hockey is rougher than the 1920 variety, but neither do I endorse the opinions of those who think that the art of stickhandling has departed from hockey.

Today, artificial ice is fast and continuous; rinks are roomy; there are only six players to a side instead of seven; players are fresher because they are freely replaced. All these conditions encourage puck-carrying, and when their teams have the extra man Max Bentley, Gordie Howe, Milt Schmidt, Rocket Richard, Ted Kennedy, Red Kelly or Elmer Lach can swish down that smooth ice with a dexterity that has never been surpassed.

NEITHER do I think that old-time hockey was prettier to watch than the modern type. The success of the former was founded on the rule that the puck-carrier could not be ahead of his wings; now the passes, instead of being slower and lateral, must be picked up by a player in full flight. Besides, in earlier hockey there was much loafing around goals, and the end-to-end lift had little to recommend it. Without looking through spectacles that are too rosy, I think that hockey has improved.

In a broader sense, Canada's national winter sport has become internationally accepted. Right now, it is the only game that gives us world prestige. Because of its professional opportunities, it has encouraged thousands of young Canadians to play the game and to derive all the physical and moral benefits associated with it. This is no time to "Sell Pro Hockey Short".

MUSIC NOTES

Chamber Orchestra

CHAMBER music lovers, old and new, are looking forward to the program in the Concert Hall of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, on Saturday, November 22, at 8.30 p.m. Brilliant young violinist Betty-Jean Hagen, the first Canadian violinist to win both the Naumburg Award in New York and the Pathé-Marconi Prize in Paris, will play three Bach concertos with a string orchestra under the scholarly violinist Geza de Kresz.

The orchestra will revive happy memories for those who attended concerts by the De Kresz Chamber Orchestra in the middle thirties. A typical report on those performances was that by Raymond Mullens, writing in SATURDAY NIGHT in a December, 1934, issue:

"When his [De Kresz's] players addressed themselves to the task of expounding such very different music as a concerto grosso of Corelli and Schönberg's 'Enchanted Night', he proved convincingly that he is an ideal conductor. No empty flourishings or posturings for this very serious musician but a use of the baton which must serve to make every player watching it comfortable and secure. And this is just what conducting ought always to be and sometimes is not."

■ A Purchasing Agent's job in a big concern like the Canada Life Assurance Company is usually looked upon as needing masculine firmness. But just recently Irene Lembke was appointed to the job. She's had lots of experience in the Department but didn't really expect she'd be selected.

BARYMIN COMPANY LIMITED

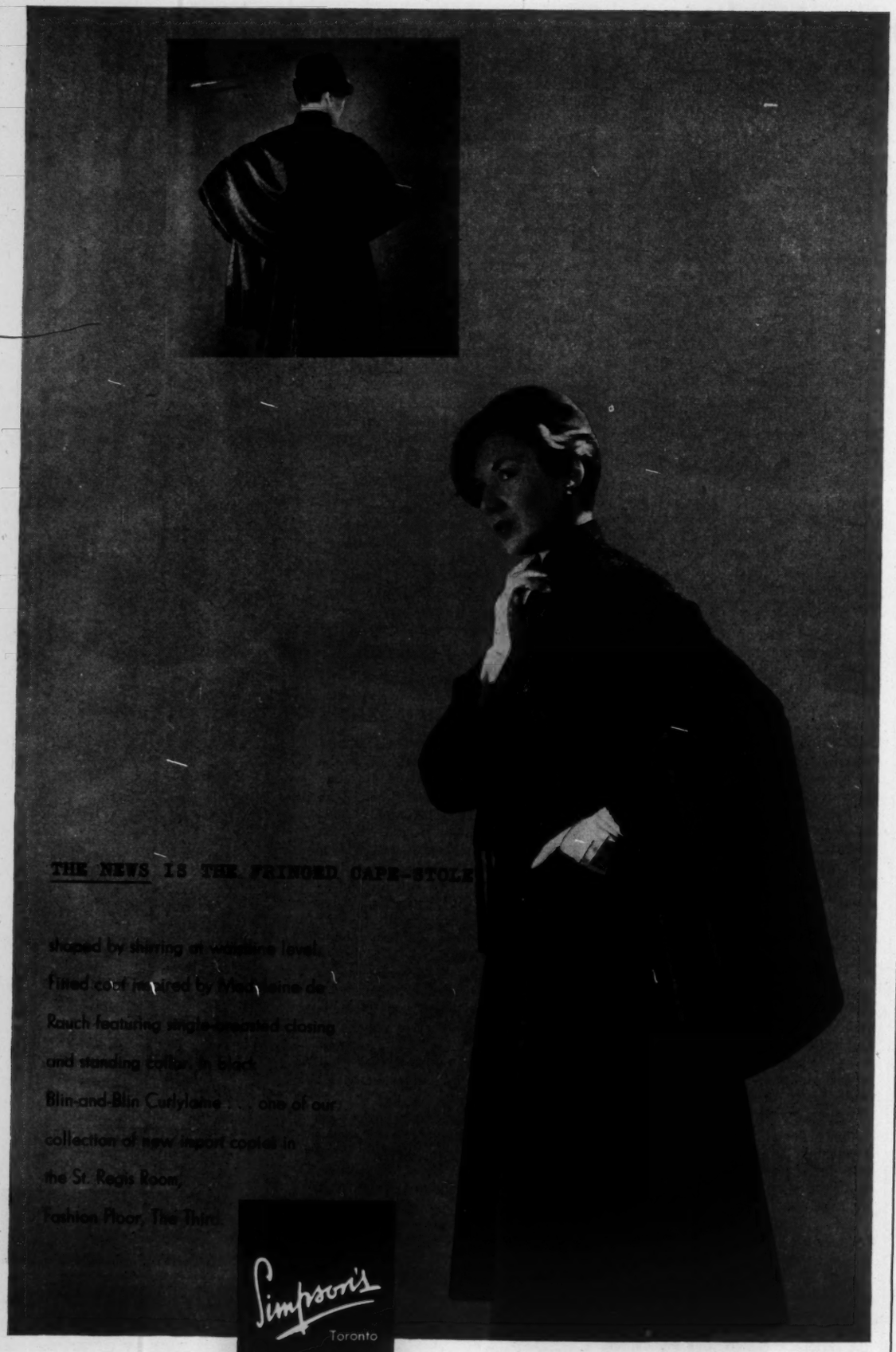
DIVIDEND NO. 12

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on December 1, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 14, 1952.

By Order of the Board.

W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

October 30, 1952.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FILMS

Bad Manners

by Mary Lowrey Ross

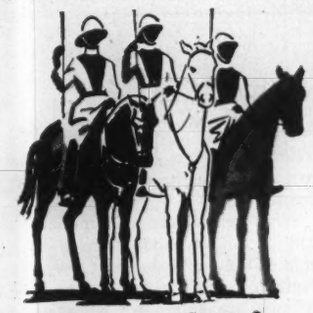
ONCE IN A WHILE the movies grow tired of revealing the soap-opera wife as a selfish, loyal and persecuted figure. So they pull a sudden switch and the results are almost as drastic as though they had run the reverse side of the negative. Now all the blacks are white, and all the whites black. The heroine still dreams, but her dreams are bubbles rising out of a turgid pool of self-pity. Her loyalty, selflessness and sense of persecution are all handy and practised methods of getting things her own way. She is a perfectly horrible person to have to live with.

It's a little as though the male animal, tired of presenting a palatable action to the female trade, had roused himself to reveal the unpalatable truth. He doesn't rouse himself with a roar, however. The very best he can manage is a snicker.

So in "My Wife's Best Friend," we have Anne Baxter as the wife and Macdonald Carey as the selfless, loyal and persecuted husband. They start out together on a plane trip and presently one of the plane's engines catches fire. In the awful moment after the passengers are ordered to fasten their safety belts, husband and wife make mutual confessions. She says she has been selfish and mean, he admits that during one of her frequent absences he took up for a while with her best friend (Catharine McLeod.) The plane lands safely, however, and the husband discovers that instead of going to meet his Maker he has to face his implacable wife, a choice that almost any man in the audience would hate to have to make.

After that Miss Baxter gets on her high comedy horse and rides in all directions. She is by turn outraged, forgiving (in a wonderful white hostess gown, faintly ecclesiastical in feeling), persecuted (in an apron and headkerchief) and dangerous (off the shoulder evening gown and six inch cigarette holder.) The husband takes flight from this repertoire at last and there is a sort of wits' end conclusion which has her pursuing him into a male health farm and getting herself and him tossed over the wall.

"My Wife's Best Friend" started out with a good idea. But the makers, after wrestling with it frantically for an hour and a quarter, have ended by burying it in the backyard under irrelevant nonsense. It is rarely as fresh and funny as it tries to be, and Anne Baxter, though a competent actress, is a long way from being a satisfactory comedienne. She bears down too hard on her lines and her performance shows little play of inner humor or gaiety. Both the heroine and her best friend are too brassily determined, even in a comedy of bad manners, to be engaging or even diverting. Macdonald Carey as a sort of Walter Mitty who leaves the day-dreaming to Mrs. Mitty, accommodates himself amiably to the part, which is about all that can be expected of him.



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PARENTS troubled with teen-age problems may find a mild interest in "Just for You" though their difficulties aren't likely to bear any close resemblance to the ones that Bing Crosby is called on to wrestle with here.

Bing, a busy Broadway producer, is so taken up with turning out one musical hit after another that he has no time for his motherless son and daughter. When Junior asks his professional advice on a song he has written, father Bing tells him ruthlessly that it is no better than 10,000 other songs turned out by would-be Tin Pan Alley artists. This embitters Junior so deeply that his unsympathetic father can hardly force pocket money on him. But when his adolescent daughter turns up in the police court with her alcoholic governess Bing realizes it isn't safe to leave the young to the company of their frustrated ambitions and the guardianship of a lady who "couldn't be trusted around the hair tonic."

It all works out fine, however. Bing entrusts his daughter to an exclusive school presided over by Ethel Barrymore who gives him wise advice in a voice of hoarse detachment. Junior gives a little more trouble. *He* is in love with his father's musical star (Jane Wyman). Father marries his leading lady, Junior runs away from home and joins the Air Force, Father follows over land and sea, and finally catching up with him, sings "Just for You," a song composed by Junior. Bing is a hit and so is the song, though almost perfectly indistinguishable from his earlier rejected effort or the 10,000 others.

I'm afraid "Just for You" won't be much help either to musical show lovers or to the parents of disturbed adolescents. Bing keeps on key, but his picture flats depressingly.

BRITISH studios enjoy involving their characters in some large political or economic situation, and when this comes off successfully we get pictures like "Passport to Pimlico," or "Tight Little Island" and "The Man in the White Suit." When it doesn't, we get films like "Penny Princess."

In this case the heroine (Yolande Donlan), a demonstrator in Macy's basement, inherits a minute European country called Lampadorra, whose principal and only industry is smuggling. On arrival in her new kingdom she discovers that her subjects have a secret formula for cheese, a commodity whose schnapps content is so high that two bites will send the consumer higher than a kite.

The comic possibilities of euphoria-inducing cheese are fairly limited, however, and so are the comedy talents of blonde Miss Donlan. The natives of Lampadorra appeared to be a hilarious lot but most of the merriment seemed to be taking place off the screen.

■ The new "Glad Tidings" was played by the Oakville Club early in September, with James Campbell both directing and playing. The North Toronto Theatre Guild also chose the same play for a Nov. 5 opening, with in-demand Doug Ney in the cast.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Emotion in Tranquillity

THE LAST SEPTEMBER—by Elizabeth Bowen—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.25.*

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"THE WRITER is like the swimmer caught by an undertow," writes Elizabeth Bowen in her preface to "The Last September"; "he is borne by it back to those scenes of his own life most steeped in subjective experience which he did not know of. Sensation accumulates where it is least sought; meaning flows in, retrospectively, where we were blind to any. One is captured by the mysterious, the imperious hauntedness of a period not understood at the time."

"The Last September" is a reissue of Elizabeth Bowen's second novel, long out of print. It is also, indirectly, the story of the author's own sensitive-insensitive adolescence, lived out in Ireland during the "Trouble" of the Twenties. The novel is developed along two planes of feeling and on two levels of experience—the feelings of heroine and of remembering writer, subtly interfused, the experience of conventional social living against a background of violence, ambush and burning. Lois, the heroine, is too young, too impatient, too much bound by the egotism of youth, to recognize the "subjective experience" in which her life is steeped. But for Elizabeth Bowen, writing the story eight years later, meaning and illumination flow in, so that time, place, mood and the cast of characters seem revealed in a bowl of clear light.

The novel, as the author points out, is not autobiographical—"Lois derives from but is not myself". The background however is as factual as anything can be within the scope of fiction. It is the well-to-do county background of the Anglo-Irish, whose conventional life went on, with lunches, dances and tennis, while military lorries rumbled in the hills, and the Irish sky flamed with arson. Terror and threat lay all round, but the formal and often banal social life persisted, like a disordered dream edging towards nightmare.

In the end Lois's lover is ambushed and shot and the ancient country house which is the story's setting goes up in flames . . . "Then the first wave of a silence that was to be ultimate flowed back confidently to the steps. The door stood open hospitably on a furnace."

The story of the conflict, the author declares, is "a page torn from the fabric of history". This is perhaps too rough a metaphor for a novel of such grave and loving sensitivity. "The Last September" is based on the facts of history, but it is everywhere supported and enriched by the truth of the imagination.

Sing On, Sean!

by John L. Watson

ROSE AND CROWN — by Sean O'Casey — *Macmillan—$4.50.*

ROUND FIVE—O'Casey vs the World—and Sean the champeen puncher of them all! Here's Sean in England, all keyed up to hate London the way he'd hated Dublin, for all that was mean and shabby and venal about it. But Sean's a figure now—a playwright from out of Ireland with a cauterizing message for a festering world; not a celebrity exactly but a bit of a Playboy of the Western World, good enough to be listened to by the sharper ears of the theatre crowd—almost good enough, even, to get a sideways look-at from the Tin-Pan-jandrums of art and culture.

Oh, Sean's going everywhere now, and meeting everyone, the great and the lowly, the sainted and the damned, the big booters and the little squeakers; squawking at the rich and comfortable while he sits on their plushy chairs and guzzles their rich food and their vintage wines, not always able to trace the fine line between the virtue of intellectual honesty and the sin of intellectual vanity; marrying the girl of his heart and struggling to keep their two heads above water—forever trying not to drown them both in the salty seas of his high-principled arrogance; screamed at by the clods and the clerics for writing about the hell of war in "The Silver Tassie", sniped at by the whole tribe of self-appointed critics for the brazen immorality of "Within the Gates", sustained by the few who never lost sight of his genius: Cochran, Macmillan and Shaw.

Listen to Sean arguing with Stanley Baldwin about the nature of Ireland and so befuddling the poor silly man that he began fidgeting with his pipe and "looking at it as if he was wondering was it really his". Then listen to Sean tussling with Yeats, so full of love and admiration for the Grand Old Man that even Yeats's shabby treatment of him couldn't rouse Sean to hate him as he did the others that crossed him.

Now here's Sean in America, eyes full of wild wonder, carried off the ship in holy splendor by George Jean Nathan, who'd been tooting Sean's trumpet up and down Broadway for years; the Irish rebel loving America for its rough-hewn democracy, hating it for its chromium-slathered materialism—but full of hope for the people "who shall never have an ending, never have an ending, never have an ending . . ."

Poor old Sean, still waving the red flag of Holy Communist Russia, as if the red stood for freedom and not for blood. Wouldn't it be a fine sight to see old dissenter Sean cranking out plays for the Politburo and wetting his finger to catch the shifting winds of party dogma? More likely see him with his skull bust in with a proletarian bullet for bully-ragging the bishops of the new Popery! But never mind, Sean's Communism is the old-fashioned kind, as far removed from the real thing as chalk from cheese.

So sing on, Sean—sing any tune in any key you like, and all that love the beauty of fine prose as no other living person can write it will listen and be glad.

For the Record

MAJORITY: An Anthology of 21 Years of Publishing — *Hamish Hamilton; British Book Service—$5.00.*

by Carlton McNaught

ONE MIGHT, perhaps, expect a miscellany combed from the output of a single publishing house to suffer from a certain narrowness of range. But so various and distinguished are the authors whose works have been sponsored by Hamish Hamilton, the English publisher, that this volume of 1,000 pages provides a fare of singular scope and richness for the reader in a mood to browse.

Here are two full-length novels (Nancy Mitford's "The Pursuit of Love" and Albert Camus's "The Outsider"), two plays (Terence Rattigan's "The Browning Version" and Sartre's "In Camera"), eleven long and short stories by Bemelmans, Thurber, John Collier, John Dickson Carr and others, and twenty pieces of non-fiction by writers as diverse as John Gunther, Stephen Spender, Jack Jones and Alan Moorehead.

There are literary criticism and biography by John Mason Brown, Alan Hodge, Harold Nicolson, Frank Swinnerton, Angela Thirkell, Martin Turnell, and Bernard Shaw; historical pieces by L. B. Namier and A. J. P. Taylor; and Koestler's famous account of why he left the Communist Party from "The God That Failed." There is a brief poetry section, and that extraordinary document of spiritual struggle, "The Unquiet Grave," by the London eidtor who calls himself Palinurus.

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of twenty-one years of publishing by Hamish Hamilton (hence the title), and one's only regret is that it was found impossible to include selections from other authors published during those years, notably Sir Norman Angell, Richard Crossman, John Fischer, Walter Lippmann, Rose Macaulay, Hesketh Pearson, and Franz Werfel. As it is, one of the virtues of this well-packed volume lies in the generous space given to each of the writers represented.

Celtic Twilight

THE WILD SWANS — by Ethel Mannin — *Ryerson*—$2.50.

by John Lanigan

THIS BOOK is really three short novels with the common bond of being based on three ancient Irish legends, presumably known to every loyal subject of Eire who has come under the spell of his nation's legendary History. Ethel Mannin has transferred them to modern settings, but has kept the characters as Irish as their mythical prototypes.

The title-story, "The Wild Swans", is based on the tale of the Children of Lir, four children who were driven from home by a cruel stepmother. In the legend they are changed to swans and the eldest, Finola, shelters her three brothers until they are ready to fly. In Mrs. Mannin's telling of the legend, Finola is also a type of self-sacrificing womanhood, and the story is developed into a peasant idyll, without aid from the supernatural.

The other two stories are based respectively on the legends of Etain and Midir and of Diarmuid and Grainne. The former has retained too much of the Celtic twilight to be quite at home in modern dress, but the latter is a satisfactory mixture of Irish character and the power of destiny in modern life, and wears Mrs. Mannin's up-to-date costume with quite a jaunty air.

Picture With Frame

TRIAL OF A CITY and Other Verse—by Earle Birney—*Ryerson*—$2.50.

by B. K. Sandwell

MR. BIRNEY believes in life, and realizes some things about it that many contemporary poets incline to forget. He realizes for one thing that like a picture it needs framing, and that if it were not bounded between birth and death it would have no shape. ("How could I know, without the threat of death, I lived?" inquires the Woman who speaks for Life in the Trial.) He realizes also that life goes on without much regard to such surrounding circumstances as Capitalism, Communism, Cold War, Civilization, Barbarism and so forth; that if anyone is really dead though still breathing, the Death is within himself, not in the State of Society, the Philosophy of the Age, or anything external.

The machinery of this Trial of Vancouver on the charge of not deserving to exist may creak a bit, but the evidence of the witnesses is brilliantly eloquent. Mr. Birney feels passionately that the life of the old Siwash chief whom he brings back to testify was a better life than that of a businessman of modern Vancouver, and that the standards by which we judge the quality of our lives are shockingly devoid of permanence and validity. But he refuses to get angry about it, and in the end he calls to judgment the Woman of Vancouver with her exquisite paean to the natural beauty of Vancouver, ending:

"And the scent of primula moved in my world
However my world had sinned,"

and her declaration of her own destiny:

"Under the glittering comment of the planets
Life asks, and I am made to give."

I should have been just as happy if Mr. Birney had not made one of his characters speak the language of James Joyce's "Ulysses", but I suppose one must be modern.

There are also thirteen shorter poems, and every one of them has an idea, usually an important idea. Canadians are getting used to the idea that poetry should have ideas; there was a time when it annoyed them.

Marvels & Miracles

MY BROTHER, MY ENEMY — by Mitchell Wilson—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.50.

by John Creed

THIS IS a long, solemn but at times arresting novel about two youthful inventors who conduct early research on the television tube. Davy and Ken are both young engineers whose dream of succeeding in their work takes different forms. Davy is the pure scientist who wants to create something never created before; Ken, the practical engineer who wants to sell something never sold before. The book delineates their ups and downs and the attendant problems of dedicated vs. private lives.

The description of the work they are doing and the step-by-step process towards achievement is handled with a minimum amount of scientific jargon and manages to be quite dramatic. But Mr. Wilson is more at home in the laboratory than he is in the human heart, with the result that it is difficult to become very involved in the personal problems of his characters. But he has also managed to distil something of the essence of the easy-come easy-go atmosphere of the Twenties.

Writers and Writing

MARIE McPHEDRAN has a young son. One day he said: "Mother, why don't you write a book on freighters?"

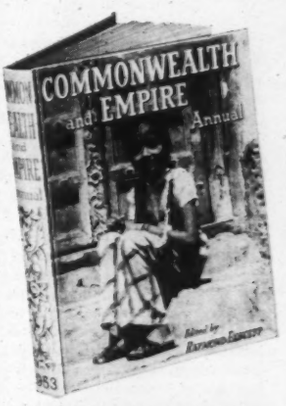
The answer is "Cargoes on the Great Lakes." Mrs. McPhedran proceeded to take several trips as a lone passenger on freight trips on the Great Lakes and this epic for young people about the St. Mary's River, is the thrilling result.

Mrs. McPhedran lives in Toronto with her husband, Dr. Harris McPhedran, well-known physician. The

Leading Books For Boys and Girls

WAKE OF THE WEST WIND

By George E. Tait. "One of the finest boys' (or girls'!) books to come along in some time . . . Illustrations . . . fascinating."—*The Gazette, Montreal.* $3.00



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A large handsome British book, with numerous excellent illustrations. Entertaining articles and exciting stories provide a wealth of good reading. $3.50

PACO OF THE HIGH COUNTRY

By Earl C. Merrick. The story of a little Indian lad in Bolivia. Teachers from Canada (dedicated missionaries) transform his life. Excellent illustrations, $2.00

At Your Bookseller's

THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

book is illustrated by Dorothy Ivens, who also travelled the Lakes studying ships and equipment of ports, docks and canals.

Always, we think of Marie as an example of a Canadian writer who believed in herself. We remember the first of her three books: the ups and downs before publication. Now—"she's in!" This should inspire other beginning writers to add to the joy of readers.

Mrs. McPhedran, incidentally, follows author Mrs. Tovell as Convenor Literary Section, Heliconian Club.

■ The Columbia Encyclopedia is geared to convince possible buyers that it could be their most necessary buy of the year. Could be too: all in one volume, weight 9½ pounds of weighty grey matter.

■ "Living with Cancer", Doubleday published book, by EDNA KAEHELE is designed to give comfort to women who have and are willing to admit they have, cancer. It does not tell of a miraculous cure. Mrs. Kaehele admits her active malignancy is still treated in approved medical manner. She explains, however, how, with aid of a beloved sister, she is living a satisfactory life long past time when she was supposed to depart: how her weight increased; how she does her housework, looks after kennel of dogs, with help of a fifteen-year-old daughter.

She describes too, the shock, horror and dying of a hundred deaths upon first hearing the medical diagnosis. This may benefit the ever-new group of women who will face this challenging future because of its personal understanding of a problem of today.

■ The pocket books have added to the information of and helped to educate, many thousands of Canadians—and such a variety of subject matter. The other day, in Pelicans we noticed titles from "Jazz", an account of its origin and growth from early drum rhythms of Africa, to "The House of Commons at Work", explaining the intricate details of the daily program and everything in between including sex, Psychology and Spinoza.

■ Williamsburg, Virginia, which figured prominently in the pioneer days of American journalism marked National Newspaper Week recently with work on one of the first films ever made on early American newspapers and printers. "The Colonial Printer", a color documentary will depict operations from handset type of George Washington's time to the high-speed presses and lightning-like communications of to-day. Footage done in re-established 18th century printing office in Williamsburg.

■ A new type of Canadian book week is being sponsored by the Community Arts Council of Vancouver November 15-22, in conjunction with Young Canada's Book Week. It is being run entirely by civic-minded volunteer workers. Program includes series of five evening panel discussions at Vancouver Art Gallery on topics like "Writing For The Canadian Market", "Readings From Canadian Literature", "What Canadian Books To Buy", etc. Speakers include Ethel Wilson, Sally Creighton, Earle Birney, Eric Nicol, Bob Harlow, Dorothy Livesay, Roderick Haig-Brown, F. H. Soward and John Gray of Macmillans.

Opening event at the University of British Columbia will be author's seminar ("Buy Books By Canadians"). Young sprouts in the writing profession will get a special welcome and a chance to see and hear the old-established poets, authors, journalists and those who specialize in fiction.

■ On recent CBC broadcast JEAN HUNTER MORRISON and MATTIE ROTENBERG during the Trans-Canada Matinee, "The Feminine Point of View", discussed a report of two years of conference by women leaders in Great Britain. Questions fell under three heads:

(1) Is there a feminine point of view: if so, what are its characteristics, and their relevance to contemporary problems?

(2) What defects in society and in women themselves are preventing it from being more effective?

(3) What can be done to increase its influence?

Naturally, the report had thrown up some ideas about women which might prove distressing but there were also many that men as well as women could face without embarrassment. Only areas in discussion in which general agreement was found were reported.

Mattie Rotenberg, Commentator on public affairs is on the staff of Physics Department, University of Toronto: married to a Toronto lawyer: has five children.

Jean Hunter Morrison is former editor CAAE publication "Food For Thought"; married and has three small children.

—*Rica*

Nineteen fifty-two marks the five-hundreth anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, far-sighted genius of the Renaissance. The voluminous writings of this great artist reflect his extraordinary versatility of interests and penetrating grasp of all knowledge known to man in his time. In SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, Irma A. Richter has chosen a representative and well-balanced cross-section of the whole range of subjects treated by Leonardo in his Notebooks. They include many of his best-known and most illuminating observations on the nature of the universe, the arts, the sciences, and philosophy; side by side with the text, the volume contains seventy-two of Leonardo's beautifully executed drawings. This little volume will be prized not only as a literary text of great significance but also, because of its illustrations, as an art book. (World's Classics: $1.25)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS: ESSAYS ON THE THEATRE by George Bernard Shaw is another new volume in the World's Classics series. This selection of forty of Shaw's criticisms on the contemporary theatre, written between 1895 and 1899, represent a high point in English prose. Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wilde, and Pinero are among the playwrights, Irving, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Forbes-Robertson, Bernhardt, and Duse among the players to whom Shaw's attention was particularly given in these essays. Remarkably erudite and devastatingly witty, they are eloquent observations on the craft of the theatre that are of compelling interest today, even though the performances that inspired them have long since been forgotten. ($1.25)

A complete list of titles in the World's Classics is available from the publisher.

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JANET RILEY: Broadway star in "The Moon is Blue".

—Bender

ANNA CAMERON: on tour with "The Constant Wife."

—Canadian Pacific

SHIRLEY DOUGLAS: at Royal Academy.

WORLD OF WOMEN

ON STAGE ABROAD

by Margaret Ness

OFFHAND can you name a dozen topflight Canadian actresses? Not counting publicized-Canadian-born Bea Lillie, Mary Pickford and Marie Dressler. Actually we've quite an imposing list and we're still adding to it. But for years New York or London swallowed up our fledgling actresses for good. Sometimes we caught a glimpse of them on tour or for a short Canadian season with English or American "rep". But that was all. There just wasn't permanent work for them here.

Now, however, there's hope a-glimmering—what with our own professional companies gathering momentum, our well-established summer theatres, our radio and TV drama. But at the moment we've at least a dozen more-than-competent Canadian actresses abroad. Why?

Of course there's the lure of a personal Broadway or West End hit. But also it's still true that a prophet is without honor in his own country. Come home with even a small role to one's credit in England or the U.S. and doors open much wider.

Have you thought up your dozen actresses? Of course you've included brilliant Margaret Anglin, born in the House of Commons in Ottawa where her father lived as Speaker. I remember seeing her in Ivor Novello's "Fresh Fields" and trying to untangle her parentage for the U.S. cast. They insisted she was our Governor-General's daughter. Miss Anglin was certainly one of our luminous stars abroad. There's Toronto-born Margaret Bannerman, the Golden Girl of pre-World War II London and now the courtesan Aunt in the touring "Gigi" . . . there's Catherine Proctor, a Belasco star who spent a season with the Vaughan Glaser Players in Toronto; played both the delightful old ladies in "Arsenic and Old Lace", one on Broadway, the other on tour; and has guested with Canadian summer theatres.

Before the turn of the century Canadian Clara Morris achieved fame in several emotional plays on Broadway, including "Camille" and "Two Orphans". She retired in 1874, to write several novels and a fictionized autobiography, "Life of a Star". Later there was Christie (Chrissie) McDonald who made her first hit at church entertainments in her native Picton, NS, and went on to star in U.S. musicals . . . there was Calgarian Florence McHugh in London plays and musicals . . . and Toronto-born Kathlene MacDonald starred in New York and spent the 1913 season in stock in Toronto with the Bonstelle Players.

Many of you will remember seeing Hamilton-born Julia Arthur in her Canadian tour of Shaw's "Saint Joan" . . . a play that, incidentally, started Olga Landiak on an acting career. As the Maid she won the best actress award in the 1948 Dominion Drama Festival and the proud London (Ont.) Little Theatre gave its successful star a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, England.

After graduation she played a six months' tour, did some movies and then came a lean time. As Olga says: "I'm too tall, voice too deep, not old enough, not young enough, accent (still!), feet too big, nose too big." But just last month came her break. As a half-witted girl in a TV show she sent shivers tingling down viewers' spines. Rave notices resulted.

Another top Dominion Drama Festival actress is in England, too. Joan Miller won her award in Vancouver's 1934 presentation of "Elizabeth the Queen"; last Spring starred in London's West End

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-and I like a lot boy!"

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WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

in "Come Back Little Sheba". A third Dominion Festival (1936) winner was Judith Evelyn. Actually she is U.S.-born but came to Canada as a child. She lived and acted in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto before her long Broadway run in "Angel Street". Last Spring in New York I saw her in "The Shrike" with Jose Ferrer and she was quite terrific.

Playing on Broadway now is Janet Riley of Simcoe, Ont. As understudy for the heroine in "The Moon Is Blue", she didn't seem to be getting anywhere. She decided to study in France. She had her ticket and her bags were packed. Then the star took ill. The management practically yanked Janet off the gangplank, and she's had her name up in lights since last August. Janet attended private school in Simcoe conducted by the late novelist Frederick Philip Grove. Later at Alma College, St. Thomas, she was in some "theatricals"; spent a year at the Pasadena Playhouse, California, and studied drama in New York.

ORIGINALLY when she tried out for the understudy part, producer Preminger liked her work but wouldn't have her because she was too tall. However the stage manager said if the opportunity came he'd call her. Well, the understudy they hired left and the stage manager did call Janet. Came the August night she took over. Mr. Preminger flew in from the West coast, saw the show and offered the "too tall" girl a contract. That's show business! Janet is married to NY radio producer Werner Klemperer, son of symphony conductor Otto Klemperer.

Torontonian Anna Cameron ran into New York luck, too. She is a grad of Hart House Theatre, with summer stock experience in both U.S. and Canada. Last year she went down to New York. You can't get an agent to handle you unless he's seen you in a play. So Anna didn't have an agent. One night she saw Katharine Cornell in "The Constant Wife" and coveted a minor role she felt was exactly for her. Then this summer she heard the play was all set to go on tour. Enter intuition. One day she was passing Director McClintic's office and something prompted her to go in and ask about auditions. And they were auditioning for the very role she wanted. She managed to bluff it out that her non-existent agent had sent her—the audition was not an open one. She won the part before her bluff was called. After the Baltimore opening last month, the critics found space for complimentary nods to "the Canadian blonde" newcomer. Last week Montreal saw the play and Anna; this week, Toronto.

TWO OTHER Hart House Theatre graduates are in England—Charmion King and Kay Hawtrey. Charmion is a "Saint Joan" girl, too, like Olga Landiak. It won Charmion an offer of a Hollywood audition, which she turned down flatly. She wanted to finish her university course and play at Hart House. Now the movie cycle has caught up with her and she's doing small parts in English movies, as well as TV work. Kay has done a very successful stint of weekly repertory at the Buxton Playhouse, Derbyshire, now is rehearsing for "Women of Twilight" which goes on a 30 weeks' tour towards the end of this month. Incidentally this West End hit has been made into a movie starring Lois Maxwell, ex-Canadian Army Show, from Kitchener, Fort Erie and Toronto. This month saw Mary Laura Wood of Sackville, NB, on the West End stage again, this time in a new play, "The Troublemakers".

The Canadian Army and the Navy shows brought a number of Canadian actresses to the fore. Blonde Barbara Cummings stayed on in England until this Fall when she returned home to try out the Canadian market. Last year she played in London as star of the Agatha Christie thriller, "The Hollow". Barbara Chilcott took her discharge from the Navy Show in England and appeared on the stage and radio. This Spring she married Max Helpmann, brother of actor-ballet dancer Helpmann. Both of them played the summer season with Straw Hat Players (producers Don and Murray Davis are Barbara's brothers) and are now with the Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa.

Then there's Frances Hyland of Regina, SATURDAY NIGHT'S May 17 cover girl. Practically clutching her graduation diploma from the Royal Academy she stepped onto London's West End as Stella in "Streetcar Named Desire". Then came the role of Perdita in Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale", with John Gielgud. Last Spring she starred in "The Same Sky" to excellent review notices, and this Fall opened in a new play, "The Guilty Party" with Eric Portman.

OVER in England now to study are Shirley Douglas of Regina, daughter of Saskatchewan's Premier, and Jackie Ellis of Ottawa. Shirley won the Saskatchewan Regional best actress award last year and Jackie has played with the Ottawa Summer Theatre.

It's interesting to note that the swing seems to be more towards England than New York. For one thing, Canadians can be more certain of getting parts in U.S. plays in London. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But to English ears Canadians sound American. And U.S. actresses are on the so-many-months in England basis. Only top U.S. stars can stay on after their time is up. But Canadians, playing Americans, can stay indefinitely. It gives them an edge over U.S. actors. But it's also a drawback. There aren't too many U.S. plays running in England and the Canadian accent keeps them out of English plays. What to do? There are two schools of thought. Some keep their accent, get what experience they can and come back to this side of the Atlantic. Others feel that a good English accent is an advantage at any time. They get speech tuition and can thus play any part.

But wherever they go, our Canadian actresses are more and more taking the long-range view—that of ultimately coming back to act in Canada. It's a hopeful sign and it's about time, too. We don't want to always be a talent exporter.

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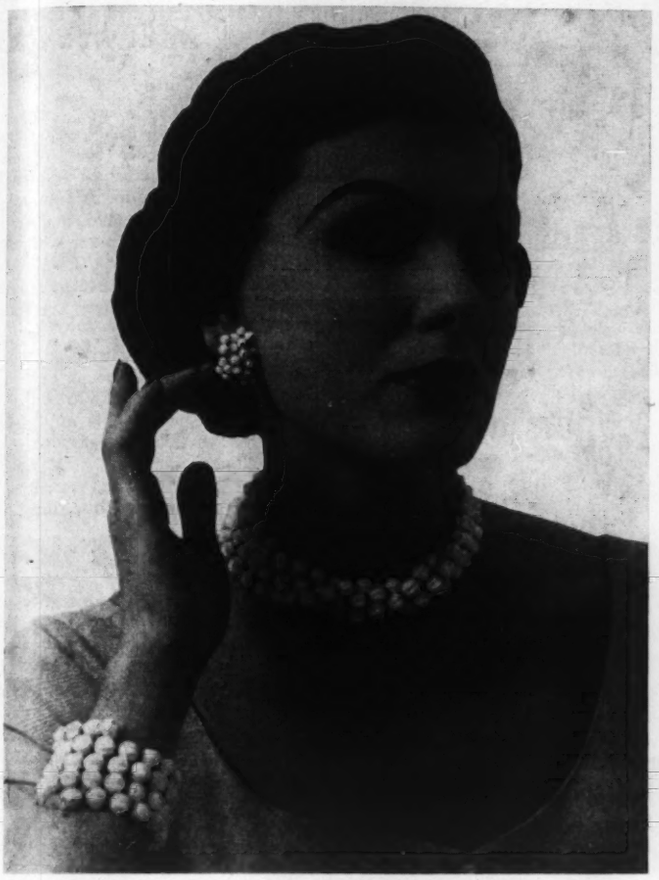


THE WELL-GROOMED, well-cared-for look reflects an orderly mind.

BEAUTY

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT

by Isabel Morgan

ONE OF THE FINEST "beauty secrets" yet discovered doesn't come in a jar tied with a pretty ribbon, but any woman of fairly tidy habits of mind can make it her own. The "secret" lies in having a beauty routine, a routine that is custom-tailored and shaped to fit one's own way of living. What it really amounts to is bringing order into personal health and beauty matters. Once such a routine is established it becomes easy to slip into it as effortlessly as a popsicle goes into a child's mouth.

These are some of the things a beauty regime, firmly established and faithfully followed, can do for you:

. . . Give you a smoother, more attractive complexion, because the habit of daily cleansing with cream and astringent, followed by the use of creams that lubricate and nourish the skin, becomes as much a part of the pattern of rising and going to bed as brushing the teeth. In no other department does routine pay off as handsomely as it does in care of the skin.

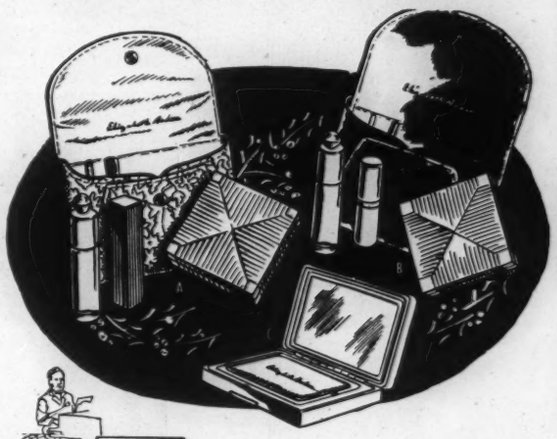
. . . Protect you from the temptation to talk about the diet you intend to embark on "some day" —a day that is always in the future. Instead your eating habits can become part of the pattern you've set for yourself. More than likely the few unwelcome pounds can be made to disappear simply by making it a habit to eat slightly less food than you feel you should have, and by being strong minded enough to say "no" to hors d'oeuvres, desserts, and other such alluring delicacies that are chockful of calories.

. . . Keep you on your toes if you rely on exercise as well as diet to keep you fit and slender. No use to exercise only when the whim strikes. It's regular morning and night exercise that results in a slender, well-shaped figure.

. . . Keep you in prime health (which in the last analysis, is the basis of most charm and all good looks) because sufficient rest, a diet that provides the required vitamins, regular visits to doctor and dentist are the keys to vitality.

And of course, once you've got it established it's a good idea to break routine now and then—just to prove who is in charge.

Elizabeth Arden



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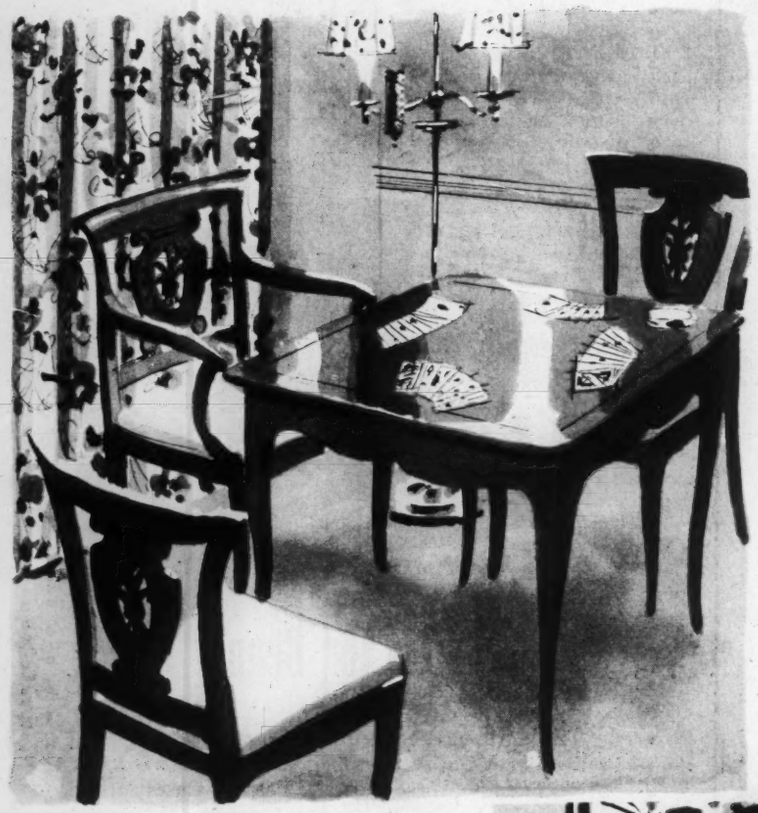

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NOTES

MEET MR. DIOR

by Bernice Coffey

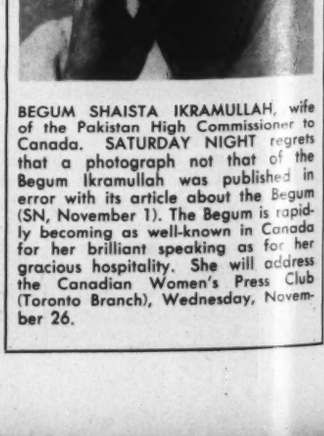
THE FRENCHMAN who almost overnight made every woman's clothes as obsolete as last year's newspaper, spent a day in Toronto recently. You will remember that it was Christian Dior who sprang what came to be called The New Look on an unsuspecting world that up to then had jogged along fairly contentedly with The Old Look.

In appearance Christian Dior is the antithesis of what one expects of the man who is acknowledged top man on the totem pole of the Paris couture. Mr. Dior is quiet and serene of manner, seemingly as completely relaxed at a crowded reception in Canada as on his little farm outside Paris.

No less than nine of the women guests present at the champagne reception held by Mr. Alvin Walker in his suite at the Royal York Hotel paid Mr. Dior the telling compliment of wearing a Christian Dior costume.

We asked him if the world can look for further surprises as startling as that of the introduction of The New Look. "No, nothing like that," was Mr. Dior's reply. "The change was necessary then because during the war years fabrics were scarce and fashion had almost stood still. It was time for women to look softer, be more feminine, after the years of war."

Christian Dior may be head man in the world of fashion but he doesn't approve of women who blindly follow every change of style. In essence his advice to the woman who would look smart always is to choose the simple things and to use her own judgment in selecting color, line and the skirt length that is best for her.



BEGUM SHAISTA IKRAMULLAH, wife of the Pakistan High Commissioner to Canada. SATURDAY NIGHT regrets that a photograph not that of the Begum Ikramullah was published in error with its article about the Begum (SN, November 1). The Begum is rapidly becoming as well-known in Canada for her brilliant speaking as for her gracious hospitality. She will address the Canadian Women's Press Club (Toronto Branch), Wednesday, November 26.

LIGHTER SIDE

The Trembling Aspen

by Mary Lowrey Ross

WE WERE at the movies, Miss A. and I, and it was probably not the place to bring up a controversial topic. But I was so full of the Maple tree dispute that I couldn't resist whispering, "I've just got a new angle on Acer Rubrum and Acer Platanoides."

"What is it?" Miss A. asked, removing her hat and settling her scarf.

"The Trembling Aspen," I whispered. "A man named Thompson in Hamilton wrote me that on the basis of distribution the trembling aspen should really be the national tree of Canada."

Miss A. shot up suddenly. "The Trembling Aspen!" she said in a voice several notes above the maximum pitch for the movies.

"Sh-ush!" said the two movie-goers in front, and Miss A. subsided. "Where'd he get this?" she whispered.

"Out of a government booklet," I whispered back. "'Native Trees of Canada'"—

"Sh-ush," the lady in front said in a louder voice.

"Oh shush yourself!" Miss A. said, forgetting her manners.

The two movie-goers got up with dignity and moved away. Miss A. sat back, staring at the Sportsreel which had just come on. After a moment she said bitterly, "Next thing you'll be wanting the Toronto Maple Leafs re-christened the Toronto Trembling Aspens. How will that sound?—'Trembling Aspens clash with Bruins'?"

"It would be a godsend to the sports' columnists," I said. The hockey players on the screen had gathered into a tight fighting knot, and two members of the local team bore down from the left beating heads indiscriminately with their sticks. "It would probably be murder," Miss A. said.

OUR discussion by this time had attracted the fascinated interest of other movie-goers, several of whom moved away.

"Does anybody but you and this Mr. Thompson know about this menace?" Miss A. asked after a moment.

"No, but it's the sort of thing can easily get about," I said, and Miss A. groaned.

"Sh-h!" I said. Several other movie-goers changed seats. Miss A. rose, banging hers, and an usher came forward with his flashlight.

"You ladies lose anything?" he asked.

"Only our patriotic heritage," said Miss A. who by this time was trembling like an aspen herself. "Only the proud symbol of our national greatness."

The usher seemed to waver for a moment in the dimness. Then he got down and flashed his light among the popcorn containers and gum wrappers under the seat. "Don't seem to be here," he said. "I'll get the manager."

I seized Miss A.'s arm. "We'd better get out of here," I said.

We went out and sat in the lobby facing the blank milky eye of the television set. "You don't need to get so upset," I said. "Nothing has been decided yet. And anyway the Trembling Aspen might be a very appropriate Canadian symbol. Though outwardly yielding it takes strong root in its native soil. Under stress it is known to be surprisingly tough and resistant—"

"Where'd you get all this?" Miss A. demanded gloomily.

"I'VE been reading it up," I said. "Its wood is highly suitable for the manufacture of lard pails, packsaddles, butcher's trays and herring casks. The powdered bark is given to horses as a vermifuge—"

"Oh shut *up!*" Miss A. said rudely.

"And the best thing about it is that it can flourish under practically any conditions," I went on, "that's the kind of tree that is really needed on University Avenue. A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed against the system of gas and disposal intake and outlet pipes. A tree that looks at God all day and intimately lives with smog, soot, and the vapors from motor exhausts."

"I think you've lost your mind," Miss A. said. She got up and we went out. "Of course there's the chestnut tree," I said. "I have a whole row of chestnut trees I'd be glad to donate to our City Fathers."

"Even the trembling aspen can't possibly have the stamina of a chestnut tree," I went on, hurrying to keep pace with her. "Ours have been hit by lightning and rammed by colliding motors for years. Then in the fall all the little boys and girls come for chestnuts. First they tear down the fence to throw at the chestnuts and after the fence is gone they start tearing down the trees to throw at the trees. If the City wants my trees they can have them for nothing."

"I never could understand why you kept those chestnut trees," Miss A. said. We were waiting for the streetcar by this time and she had begun a little to relax. "Now you are beginning to talk sense," she said. "Really you had me worried for a little—or would have if I had taken you seriously. What are you planning to put in the place of the chestnut trees?"

"Why trembling aspens of course," I said. "Canada's tree, the tree of the future."

MISS A. gave me a wild look and headed for the streetcar. I watched her drop her fare in the box and I noticed that her hand was trembling. Trembling like an aspen.

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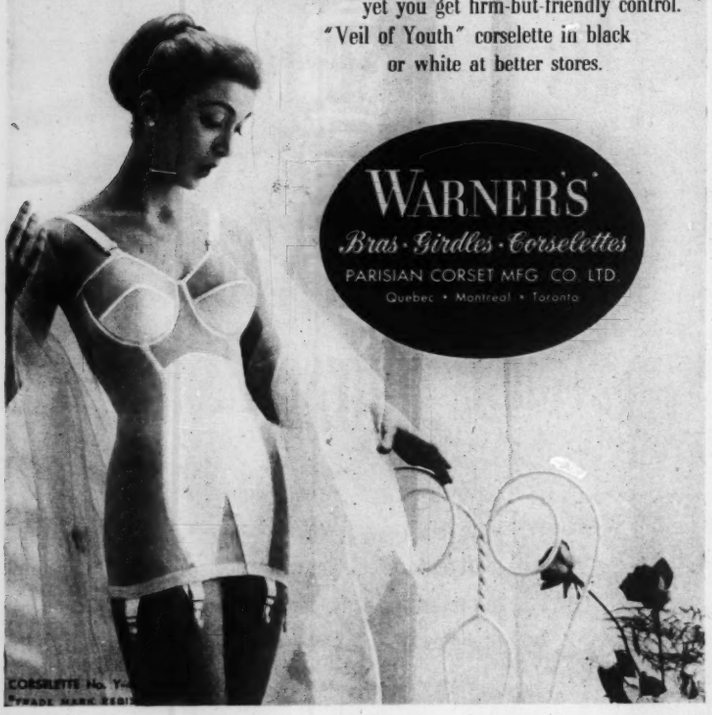

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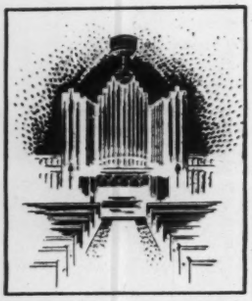

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CONCERNING FOOD

VOLUNTEER CATERERS

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

IT'S JUST AS WELL not to underestimate the power of a woman, for any number of ladies besides running their home commissary have branched forth into large quantity catering through the church or community. Many churches in larger cities have well-equipped kitchens with facilities approximating restaurant or lunchroom efficiency. Others are less fortunate. But, regardless of the handicaps to be overcome, most women's groups have efficiently worked out their own systems and produce excellent meals for groups of hungry men, boys and girls, wedding receptions or whatever catering business comes their way.

Here's a suggested menu, to be prepared and served from a church or community kitchen, for 50.

Spiced Apple Juice
Ranch Style Meat Loaf
Tomato Sauce
Crumbed Potatoes
Buttered Green Beans
Spiced Crabapples
Hot Buttered Rolls
Ice Cream on Sponge Cake
Butterscotch Sauce
Tea or Coffee

SPICED APPLE JUICE

Simmer contents of 4½-48 oz. cans apple juice, or 1½ gallons sweet cider, with 4-5 sticks cinnamon and 1 tsp. whole cloves tied in a cheesecloth bag for 15 minutes. Remove spices. Chill and add 1 cup lemon juice just before serving.

TOMATO SAUCE

Use canned condensed tomato soup. Allow 1 can 3 lb. 3 oz. size or 10-10 oz. cans. Thin with hot water if necessary.

CRUMBED POTATOES

Boil or steam 20-25 pounds potatoes not too well done. Remove to greased bake pans. Brush potatoes with melted butter or margarine (about 1 pound). Sprinkle with salt and then with fine dried bread crumbs—about 3¼ cups. Cover the potatoes as well as possible with crumbs. One half-hour before serving time heat in 350°F oven until hot and slightly browned.

RANCH STYLE MEAT LOAF

Minced beef	10 pounds
Chopped onion	2½ cups (12 oz.)
Chopped green pepper	2 cups (9 oz.)
Chopped celery	1 qt. (1¼ lbs.)
Fat	1¼ cups
Salt	3½ tablespoons
Eggs, beaten	10
Dry bread crumbled	3¾ quarts
Water	2½ cups
Tomato juice	2½ cups
Butter or margarine	½ cup

1. Pan fry onion, celery and green pepper in hot fat.

2. Combine with salt, eggs, bread crumbs and water to make a dressing. Beat until bread is thoroughly moistened.

3. To meat add one-half of the dressing (1½ quarts) mixing well.

4. Pat out half the meat mixture in 5-2 quart loaf pans. Cover with remaining dressing and then with remaining meat mixture. Press firmly.

5. Bake in oven 350°F for 1¼ hours.

6. Brush top of loaves twice with mixture of tomato juice and melted butter to keep them moist. Cut each pan into 10 slices.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

1½-2 quarts will be needed for 50 servings.

4 pounds brown sugar
2 cups corn syrup
¾ pound butter or margarine
2 cups coffee cream
2 tablespoons vanilla

Combine sugar, corn syrup and butter in a saucepan. Boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in water or registers 230° F. on the candy thermometer. Remove from heat and let cool to lukewarm. Stir in cream and vanilla. This is a wonderful sauce and quite heavy so more cream or top milk can be stirred in if a thinner consistency is desired. For a Christmas sauce for ice cream stir in raisins, peel, and candied cherries.

An excellent book for any group concerned with large quantity cooking to have on hand—"100 to Dinner", by Elspeth Middleton ($3.50, University of Toronto Press).

WELCOME addition to the pocketbook library is a cookbook on meats. For the price of 35 cents the homemaker can acquire "Martha Logan's Meat Cookbook", a 440-page treatise on purchasing, storing and preparation of meats and poultry. Both pictorially and editorially it shows you the hows and whys of meat cookery plus a wonderful collection of enticing recipes. This is one investment you can't lose money on.

■ Sharpen up applesauce with a little prepared horseradish when serving as a meat accompaniment. And speaking of horseradish, the ultimate is when this sauce is combined with unsweetened whipped cream. Makes the most weary beef taste wonderful.

■ Stir some soft peanut butter into vanilla ice cream. Refreeze and serve it with a chocolate fudge sauce.

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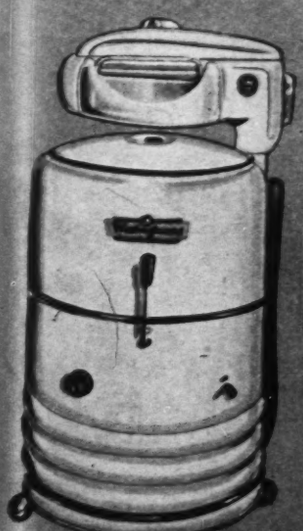

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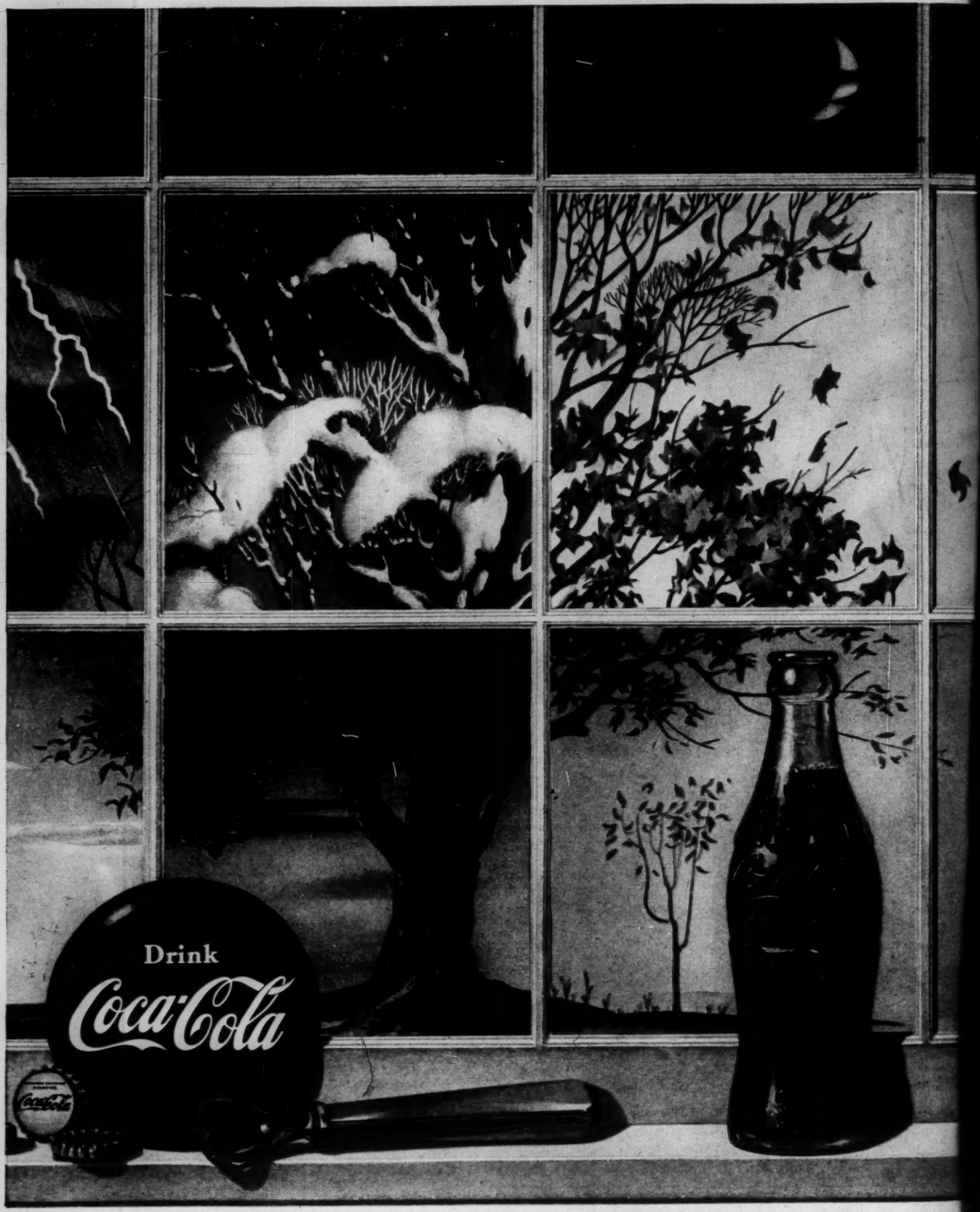

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